

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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## THE MOONSTONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," &c. &c.

SECOND PERIOD. THE DISCOVERY OF THE TRUTH. (1848—1849.)

*The Events related in several Narratives.*

FIRST NARRATIVE.

*Contributed by Miss Clack; Niece of the late Sir John Verinder.*

### CHAPTER I.

I AM indebted to my dear parents (both now in heaven) for having had habits of order and regularity instilled into me at a very early age.

In that happy bygone time, I was taught to keep my hair tidy at all hours of the day and night, and to fold up every article of my clothing carefully, in the same order, on the same chair, in the same place at the foot of the bed, before retiring to rest. An entry of the day's events in my little diary invariably preceded the folding up. The Evening Hymn (repeated in bed) invariably followed the folding up. And the sweet sleep of childhood invariably followed the Evening Hymn.

In later life (alas!) the Hymn has been succeeded by sad and bitter meditations; and the sweet sleep has been but ill exchanged for the broken slumbers which haunt the uneasy pillow of care. On the other hand, I have continued to fold my clothes, and to keep my little diary. The former habit links me to my happy childhood—before papa was ruined. The latter habit—hitherto mainly useful in helping me to discipline the fallen nature which we all inherit from Adam—has unexpectedly proved important to my humble interests in quite another way. It has enabled poor Me to serve the caprice of a wealthy member of our family. I am fortunate enough to be useful (in the worldly sense of the word) to Mr. Franklin Blake.

I have been cut off from all news of the prosperous branch of the family for some time past. When we are isolated and poor, we are not infrequently forgotten. I am now living, for economy's sake, in a little town in Britany, inhabited by a select circle of serious English friends, and possessed of the advantages of a Protestant clergyman and a cheap market.

In this retirement—a Patmos amid the howling ocean of popery that surrounds us—a letter from England has reached me at last. I find

my insignificant existence suddenly remembered by Mr. Franklin Blake. My wealthy relative—would that I could add my spiritually-wealthy relative!—writes, without even an attempt at disguising that he wants something of me. The whim has seized him to stir up the deplorable scandal of the Moonstone; and I am to help him by writing the account of what I myself witnessed while visiting at Aunt Verinder's house in London. Pecuniary remuneration is offered to me—with the want of feeling peculiar to the rich. I am to re-open wounds that Time has barely closed; I am to recal the most intensely painful remembrances—and this done, I am to feel myself compensated by a new laceration, in the shape of Mr. Blake's cheque. My nature is weak. It cost me a hard struggle, before Christian humility conquered sinful pride, and self-denial accepted the cheque.

Without my diary, I doubt—pray let me express it in the grossest terms!—if I could have honestly earned my money. With my diary, the poor labourer (who forgives Mr. Blake for insulting her) is worthy of her hire. Nothing escaped me at the time when I was visiting dear Aunt Verinder. Everything was entered (thanks to my early training) day by day as it happened; and everything, down to the smallest particular, shall be told here. My sacred regard for truth is (thank God) far above my respect for persons. It will be easy for Mr. Blake to suppress what may not prove to be sufficiently flattering in these pages to the person chiefly concerned in them. He has purchased my time; but not even *his* wealth can purchase my conscience too.\*

\* NOTE. Added by Franklin Blake.—Miss Clack may make her mind quite easy on this point. Nothing will be added, altered, or removed, in her manuscript, or in any of the other manuscripts which pass through my hands. Whatever opinions any of the writers may express, whatever peculiarities of treatment may mark, and perhaps in a literary sense, disfigure, the narratives which I am now collecting, not a line will be tampered with anywhere, from first to last. As genuine documents they are sent to me—and as genuine documents I shall preserve them; endorsed by the attestations of witnesses who can speak to the facts. It only remains to be added, that "the person chiefly concerned" in Miss Clack's narrative, is happy enough at the present moment, not only to brave the smartest exercise of Miss Clack's pen, but even to recognise its unquestionable value as an instrument for the exhibition of Miss Clack's character.

My diary informs me, that I was accidentally passing Aunt Verinder's house in Montagu Square, on Monday, 3rd July, 1848.

Seeing the shutters opened, and the blinds drawn up, I felt that it would be an act of polite attention to knock, and make inquiries. The person who answered the door, informed me that my aunt and her daughter (I really cannot call her my cousin!) had arrived from the country a week since, and meditated making some stay in London. I sent up a message at once, declining to disturb them, and only begging to know whether I could be of any use.

The person who answered the door, took my message in insolent silence, and left me standing in the hall. She is the daughter of a heathen old man named Betteredge—long, too long, tolerated in my aunt's family. I sat down in the hall to wait for my answer—and, having always a few tracts in my bag, I selected one which proved to be quite provisionally applicable to the person who answered the door. The hall was dirty, and the chair was hard; but the blessed consciousness of returning good for evil raised me quite above any trifling considerations of that kind. The tract was one of a series addressed to young women on the sinfulness of dress. In style it was devoutly familiar. Its title was, "A Word With You On Your Cap-Ribbons."

"My lady is much obliged, and begs you will come and lunch to-morrow at two."

I passed over the manner in which she gave her message, and the dreadful boldness of her look. I thanked this young castaway; and I said, in a tone of Christian interest, "Will you favour me by accepting a tract?"

She looked at the title. "Is it written by a man or a woman, Miss? If it's written by a woman, I had rather not read it on that account. If it's written by a man, I beg to inform him that he knows nothing about it." She handed me back the tract, and opened the door. We must sow the good seed somehow. I waited till the door was shut on me, and slipped the tract into the letter-box. When I had dropped another tract through the area railings, I felt relieved, in some small degree, of a heavy responsibility towards others.

We had a meeting that evening of the Select Committee of the Mothers-Small-Clothes'-Conversion-Society. The object of this excellent Charity is—as all serious people know—to rescue unredeemed fathers' trousers from the pawnbroker, and to prevent their resumption, on the part of the irreclaimable parent, by abridging them immediately to suit the proportions of the innocent son. I was a member, at that time, of the select committee; and I mention the Society here, because my precious and admirable friend, Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite, was associated with our work of moral and material usefulness. I had expected to see him in the board-room, on the Monday evening of which I am now writing, and had purposed to tell him, when we met, of dear Aunt Verinder's arrival in London. To my great disappointment he

never appeared. On my expressing a feeling of surprise at his absence, my sisters of the Committee all looked up together from their trousers (we had a great pressure of business that night), and asked in amazement if I had not heard the news. I acknowledged my ignorance, and was then told, for the first time, of an event which forms, so to speak, the starting-point of this narrative. On the previous Friday, two gentlemen—occupying widely different positions in society—had been the victims of an outrage which had startled all London. One of the gentlemen was Mr. Septimus Luker, of Lambeth. The other was Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite.

Living in my present isolation, I have no means of introducing the newspaper account of the outrage into my narrative. I was also deprived, at the time, of the inestimable advantage of hearing the events related by the fervid eloquence of Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite. All I can do is to state the facts as they were stated, on that Monday evening, to me; proceeding on the plan which I have been taught from infancy to adopt in folding up my clothes. Everything shall be put neatly, and everything shall be put in its place. These lines are written by a poor weak woman. From a poor weak woman who will be cruel enough to expect more?

The date—thanks to my dear parents, no dictionary that ever was written can be more particular than I am about dates—was Friday, June 30th, 1848.

Early on that memorable day our gifted Mr. Godfrey happened to be cashing a cheque at a banking-house in Lombard-street. The name of the firm is accidentally blotted in my diary, and my sacred regard for truth forbids me to hazard a guess in a matter of this kind. Fortunately, the name of the firm doesn't matter. What does matter is a circumstance that occurred when Mr. Godfrey had transacted his business. On gaining the door, he encountered a gentleman—a perfect stranger to him—who was accidentally leaving the office exactly at the same time as himself. A momentary contest of politeness ensued between them as to who should be the first to pass through the door of the bank. The stranger insisted on making Mr. Godfrey precede him; Mr. Godfrey said a few civil words; they bowed, and parted in the street.

Thoughtless and superficial people may say, Here is surely a very trumpery little incident related in an absurdly circumstantial manner. Oh, my young friends and fellow-sinners! beware of presuming to exercise your poor carnal reason. Oh, be morally tidy! Let your faith be as your stockings, and your stockings as your faith. Both ever spotless, and both ready to put on at a moment's notice!

I beg a thousand pardons. I have fallen insensibly into my Sunday-school style. Most inappropriate in such a record as this. Let me try to be worldly—let me say that trifles, in this case as in many others, led to terrible results. Merely premising that the polite

stranger was Mr. Luker, of Lambeth, we will now follow Mr. Godfrey home to his residence at Kilburn.

He found waiting for him, in the hall, a poorly clad but delicate and interesting-looking little boy. The boy handed him a letter, merely mentioning that he had been entrusted with it by an old lady whom he did not know, and who had given him no instructions to wait for an answer. Such incidents as these were not uncommon in Mr. Godfrey's large experience as a promoter of public charities. He let the boy go, and opened the letter.

The handwriting was entirely unfamiliar to him. It requested his attendance, within an hour's time, at a house in Northumberland-street, Strand, which he had never had occasion to enter before. The object sought was to obtain from the worthy manager certain details on the subject of the Mothers' Small-Clothes-Conversion-Society, and the information was wanted by an elderly lady who proposed adding largely to the resources of the charity, if her questions were met by satisfactory replies. She mentioned her name, and she added that the shortness of her stay in London prevented her from giving any longer notice to the eminent philanthropist whom she addressed.

Ordinary people might have hesitated before setting aside their own engagements to suit the convenience of a stranger. The Christian Hero never hesitates where good is to be done. Mr. Godfrey instantly turned back, and proceeded to the house in Northumberland-street. A most respectable though somewhat corpulent man answered the door, and on hearing Mr. Godfrey's name, immediately conducted him into an empty apartment at the back, on the drawing-room floor. He noticed two unusual things on entering the room. One of them was a faint odour of musk and camphor. The other was an ancient Oriental manuscript, richly illuminated with Indian figures and devices, that lay open to inspection on a table.

He was looking at the book, the position of which caused him to stand with his back turned towards the closed folding doors communicating with the front room, when, without the slightest previous noise to warn him, he felt himself suddenly seized round the neck from behind. He had just time to notice that the arm round his neck was naked and of a tawny-brown colour, before his eyes were bandaged, his mouth was gagged, and he was thrown helpless on the floor by (as he judged) two men. A third rifled his pockets, and—if, as a lady, I may venture to use such an expression—searched him, without ceremony, through and through to his skin.

Here I should greatly enjoy saying a few cheering words on the devout confidence which could alone have sustained Mr. Godfrey in an emergency so terrible as this. Perhaps, however, the position and appearance of my admirable friend at the culminating period of the outrage (as above described) are hardly within the proper limits of female discussion. Let me

pass over the next few moments, and return to Mr. Godfrey at the time when the odious search of his person had been completed. The outrage had been perpetrated throughout in dead silence. At the end of it some words were exchanged, among the invisible wretches, in a language which he did not understand, but in tones which were plainly expressive (to his cultivated ear) of disappointment and rage. He was suddenly lifted from the ground, placed in a chair, and bound there hand and foot. The next moment he felt the air flowing in from the open door, listened, and felt persuaded that he was alone again in the room.

An interval elapsed, and he heard a sound below like the rustling sound of a woman's dress. It advanced up the stairs, and stopped. A female scream rent the atmosphere of guilt. A man's voice below exclaimed, "Hullo!" A man's feet ascended the stairs. Mr. Godfrey felt Christian fingers unfastening his bandage, and extracting his gag. He looked in amazement at two respectable strangers, and faintly articulated, "What does it mean?" The two respectable strangers looked back, and said, "Exactly the question we were going to ask *you*."

The inevitable explanation followed. No! Let me be scrupulously particular. Sal volatile and water followed, to compose dear Mr. Godfrey's nerves. The explanation came next.

It appeared, from the statement of the landlord and landlady of the house (persons of good repute in the neighbourhood), that their first and second floor apartments had been engaged, on the previous day, for a week certain, by a most respectable-looking gentleman—the same who has been already described as answering the door to Mr. Godfrey's knock. The gentleman had paid the week's rent and all the week's extras in advance, stating that the apartments were wanted for three Oriental noblemen, friends of his, who were visiting England for the first time. Early on the morning of the outrage, two of the Oriental strangers, accompanied by their respectable English friend, took possession of the apartments. The third was expected to join them shortly; and the luggage (reported as very bulky) was announced to follow when it had passed through the Custom-house, late in the afternoon. Not more than ten minutes previous to Mr. Godfrey's visit, the third foreigner had arrived. Nothing out of the common had happened, to the knowledge of the landlord and landlady down-stairs, until within the last five minutes—when they had seen the three foreigners, accompanied by their respectable English friend, all leave the house together, walking quietly in the direction of the Strand. Remembering that a visitor had called, and not having seen the visitor also leave the house, the landlady had thought it rather strange that the gentleman should be left by himself up-stairs. After a short discussion with her husband, she had considered it advisable to ascertain whether anything was wrong. The result had followed, as I have already attempted to describe it; and

there the explanation of the landlord and the landlady came to an end.

An investigation was next made in the room. Dear Mr. Godfrey's property was found scattered in all directions. When the articles were collected, however, nothing was missing; his watch, chain, purse, keys, pocket-handkerchief, note-book, and all his loose papers had been closely examined, and had then been left unharmed to be resumed by the owner. In the same way, not the smallest morsel of property belonging to the proprietors of the house had been abstracted. The Oriental noblemen had removed their own illuminated manuscript, and had removed nothing else.

What did it mean? Taking the worldly point of view, it appeared to mean that Mr. Godfrey had been the victim of some incomprehensible error, committed by certain unknown men. A dark conspiracy was on foot in the midst of us; and our beloved and innocent friend had been entangled in its meshes. When the Christian hero of a hundred charitable victories plunges into a pitfall that has been dug for him by mistake, oh, what a warning it is to the rest of us to be unceasingly on our guard! How soon may our own evil passions prove to be Oriental noblemen who pounce on us unawares!

I could write pages of affectionate warning on this one theme, but (alas!) I am not permitted to improve—I am condemned to narrate. My wealthy relative's cheque—henceforth, the incubus of my existence—warns me that I have not done with this record of violence yet. We must leave Mr. Godfrey to recover in Northumberland-street, and must follow the proceedings of Mr. Luker, at a later period of the day.

After leaving the bank, Mr. Luker had visited various parts of London on business errands. Returning to his own residence, he found a letter waiting for him, which was described as having been left a short time previously by a boy. In this case, as in Mr. Godfrey's case, the handwriting was strange; but the name mentioned was the name of one of Mr. Luker's customers. His correspondent announced (writing in the third person—apparently by the hand of a deputy) that he had been unexpectedly summoned to London. He had just established himself in lodgings in Alfred-place, Tottenham Court-road; and he desired to see Mr. Luker immediately, on the subject of a purchase which he contemplated making. The gentleman was an enthusiastic collector of oriental antiquities, and had been for many years a liberal patron of the establishment in Lambeth. Oh, when shall we wean ourselves from the worship of Mammon! Mr. Luker called a cab, and drove off instantly to his liberal patron.

Exactly what had happened to Mr. Godfrey in Northumberland-street now happened to Mr. Luker in Alfred-place. Once more the respectable man answered the door, and showed the visitor up-stairs into the back drawing-room. There, again, lay the illuminated manuscript

on a table. Mr. Luker's attention was absorbed, as Mr. Godfrey's attention had been absorbed, by this beautiful work of Indian art. He too was aroused from his studies by a tawny naked arm round his throat, by a bandage over his eyes, and by a gag in his mouth. He too was thrown prostrate, and searched to the skin. A longer interval had then elapsed than had passed in the experience of Mr. Godfrey; but it had ended, as before, in the persons of the house suspecting something wrong, and going up-stairs to see what had happened. Precisely the same explanation which the landlord in Northumberland-street had given to Mr. Godfrey, the landlord in Alfred-place now gave to Mr. Luker. Both had been imposed on in the same way by the plausible address and the well-filled purse of the respectable stranger, who introduced himself as acting for his foreign friends. The one point of difference between the two cases occurred when the scattered contents of Mr. Luker's pockets were being collected from the floor. His watch and purse were safe, but (less fortunate than Mr. Godfrey) one of the loose papers that he carried about him had been taken away. The paper in question acknowledged the receipt of a valuable of great price which Mr. Luker had that day left in the care of his bankers. This document would be useless for purposes of fraud, inasmuch as it provided that the valuable should only be given up on the personal application of the owner. As soon as he recovered himself, Mr. Luker hurried to the bank, on the chance that the thieves who had robbed him might ignorantly present themselves with the receipt. Nothing had been seen of them when he arrived at the establishment, and nothing was seen of them afterwards. Their respectable English friend had (in the opinion of the bankers) looked the receipt over before they attempted to make use of it, and had given them their warning in good time.

Information of both outrages was communicated to the police, and the needful investigations were pursued, I believe, with great energy. The authorities held that a robbery had been planned, on insufficient information received by the thieves. They had been plainly not sure whether Mr. Luker had, or had not, trusted the transmission of his precious gem to another person, and poor polite Mr. Godfrey had paid the penalty of having been seen accidentally speaking to him. Add to this, that Mr. Godfrey's absence from our Monday evening meeting had been occasioned by a consultation of the authorities, at which he was requested to assist—and all the explanations required being now given, I may proceed with the simpler story of my own little personal experiences in Montagu Square.

I was punctual to the luncheon-hour on Tuesday. Reference to my diary shows this to have been a chequered day—much in it to be devoutly regretted, much in it to be devoutly thankful for.



Dear Aunt Verinder received me with her usual grace and kindness. But I noticed, after a little while, that something was wrong. Certain anxious looks escaped my aunt, all of which took the direction of her daughter. I never see Rachel myself without wondering how it can be that so insignificant-looking a person should be the child of such distinguished parents as Sir John and Lady Verinder. On this occasion, however, she not only disappointed—she really shocked me. There was an absence of all lady-like restraint in her language and manner most painful to see. She was possessed by some feverish excitement which made her distressingly loud when she laughed, and sinfully wasteful and capricious in what she ate and drank at lunch. I felt deeply for her poor mother, even before the true state of the case had been confidentially made known to me.

Luncheon over, my aunt said: "Remember what the doctor told you, Rachel, about quieting yourself with a book after taking your meals."

"I'll go into the library, mamma," she answered. "But if Godfrey calls, mind I am told of it. I am dying for more news of him, after his adventure in Northumberland-street." She kissed her mother on the forehead, and looked my way. "Good-bye, Clack!" she said, carelessly. Her insolence roused no angry feeling in me. I only made a private memorandum to pray for her.

When we were left by ourselves, my aunt told me the whole horrible story of the Indian Diamond, which, I am happy to know, it is not necessary to repeat here. She did not conceal from me that she would have preferred keeping silence on the subject. But when her own servants all knew of the loss of the Moonstone, and when some of the circumstances had actually found their way into the newspapers—when strangers were speculating whether there was any connexion between what had happened at Lady Verinder's country house, and what had happened in Northumberland-street and Alfred-place—concealment was not to be thought of; and perfect frankness became a necessity as well as a virtue.

Some persons, hearing what I now heard, would have been probably overwhelmed with astonishment. For my own part, knowing Rachel's spirit to have been essentially unregenerate from her childhood upwards, I was prepared for whatever my aunt could tell me on the subject of her daughter. It might have gone on from bad to worse till it ended in Murder; and I should still have said to myself, The natural result! oh, dear, dear, the natural result! The one thing that *did* shock me was the course my aunt had taken under the circumstances. Here surely was a case for a clergyman, if ever there was one yet! Lady Verinder had thought it a case for a physician. All my poor aunt's early life had been passed in her father's godless household. The natural result again! Oh, dear, dear, the natural result again!

"The doctors recommend plenty of exercise and amusement for Rachel, and strongly urge me to keep her mind as much as possible from dwelling on the past," said Lady Verinder.

"Oh, what heathen advice!" I thought to myself. "In this Christian country, what heathen advice!"

My aunt went on, "I do my best to carry out my instructions. But this strange adventure of Godfrey's happens at a most unfortunate time. Rachel has been incessantly restless and excited since she first heard of it. She left me no peace till I had written and asked my nephew Ablewhite to come here. She even feels an interest in the other person who was roughly used—Mr. Luker, or some such name—though the man is, of course, a total stranger to her."

"Your knowledge of the world, dear aunt, is superior to mine," I suggested, diffidently. "But there must be a reason surely for this extraordinary conduct on Rachel's part. She is keeping a sinful secret from you and from everybody. May there not be something in these recent events which threatens her secret with discovery?"

"Discovery?" repeated my aunt. "What can you possibly mean? Discovery through Mr. Luker? Discovery through my nephew?"

As the word passed her lips, a special providence occurred. The servant opened the door, and announced Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite.

#### ALL ROUND ST. PAUL'S.

"You'll find it horribly dirty!" exclaimed the friend I met on Ludgate-hill, in reply to the intelligence that I was about to go over St. Paul's Cathedral for the first time. "Horribly dirty!" I repeated to myself. "Is *that* all the creature can find to say concerning Wren's masterpiece?" But, having now been from crypt to ball, and round galleries, and about nave, dirt and neglect are, I find, the most prominent characteristics of the handsomest edifice of the wealthiest city in the world. The most prominent fact connected with an inspection of the monuments is their filth. Dust which is black in its thickness rests undisturbed upon the handiwork of Chantrey and Flaxman, converting classic groups into piebald monstrosities, turning white black, and reading a bitter lesson of neglect and indifference to the looker-on. It would be ludicrous if it were not sad to note the strange metamorphoses effected by simple dirt. Black angels are conveying Ethiopian heroes to their long rest. Smutty-faced Britannias vie with much-besoiled Glories and Fames in doing honour to English worthies to whom soap and a scrubbing-brush are a first necessity. And the worst part of the effect is that the dust lies partially. Just as when a heavy fall of snow is thawing away, odd patches appear uncovered, long before the whole fall is melted; so the dust at St. Paul's lingers thickly on certain folds and features and leaves others

untouched. One of Lord Nelson's feet is white and the other black, the latter projecting forward as if seeking a shoeblack's services. Dr. Johnson's scroll looks like a roll of music in a waterproof case, while the bare legs and blanket of that philosopher are foul with dust. The "personifications of the British Empire in Europe and Asia" round the tomb of Cornwallis are only of dusky hue, while "the other deities," said to be strikingly expressive, have become simply meaningless masks of dirt. Philanthropy and learning, valour, patriotism, and wit, are all victims of the same abominable neglect; and the strongest wish felt by the visitor who sees the Walhalla of England is that it may be speedily brushed and washed. A dozen men armed with long brooms could remove the worst part of the evil in an hour. Much of the deep-set and long-lingering filth is within reach of a pocket-handkerchief, and, but for the screens and barriers which keep the public off, we could have cleansed part of the memorials to Hallam and Collingwood without standing on tip-toe. A few amateur cleaners might relieve the City of London of a grave scandal and reproach by giving up an hour once a month to the cathedral. And the dirt I speak of is seen every day by visitors. It greets you the instant you pass under the curtains of the north door, and you never lose sight of it until you are on the stairs leading to the bell and ball. Surely, in these days of voluntary effort, it would not be difficult to organise a little staff of churchmen who would each undertake to keep a statue clean; or, if this were too much labour, who would take a leg or an arm, or a cherub or an animal, under his individual care. Few tasks would be more immediately effective, and I beg to throw out, as a suggestion to the gentlemen of London, that an amateur cleaning society be formed for the restoration of the statues of St. Paul's. For the whole matter is so easy of accomplishment that there must be some good reason why the vergers or other servants of the dean and chapter don't attempt to cope with it. If the labour were dangerous or costly—even if it involved hard work—one could understand its being shirked. But the mere application of a housemaid's duster would convert disgrace into compliment, and a cruel gibe against the dead into a national honour. Let any one who thinks our statement overdrawn look into St. Paul's the next time he is in the City. A momentary glance inside will be sufficient. The monument by Chantrey, erected at the public expense to the memories of Generals Gore and Skerrett, and that to Admiral Lord Duncan, also a tribute from the nation, are both within sight of the threshold, and both prove my case. Note their degraded condition; remark the abject grimness of Fame and Britannia in the first, and the blackness of the face and uniform and hands in the second; and say whether you do not agree with me that if ever Lord Palmerston's celebrated definition of dirt as "matter in the wrong place" applied with irresistible force, it is to the national monu-

ments in our City cathedral. Wondering what laws would be violated and what penalty be enforced if a party of a score or so of visitors, all armed with dusters and soft hand-brushes, were to plant themselves at given portions of the interior, and at a preconcerted signal commence statue-cleaning as a labour of love, we pass up a staircase to find four able-bodied persons in a high state of jocularity. One sits at a sort of pay-place, and obligingly acts as money-changer; two others are lounging on the stairs near him, and have evidently perpetrated some jest at the expense of a fourth, who butts hastily against me on the stairs, grinning meanwhile with great good humour, and, holding up some silver coin, cries, "Were it enough, think ye?" On seeing me, the money-changer and the two loungers assume an expression of pensive interest, and all speak at once when I ask a question. "Up-stairs, sir, as far as you can go, sir, until you meet a man who'll show you the liberry, sir. Sixpence, if you please. Like to see everything, would you, sir; that will be three shillings, if you please. Sixpence to whispering and outside galleries, sixpence the liberry, sixpence to crypt, and eighteenpence to the ball. A guide-book, sir?—sixpence—three shillings and sixpence in all; and here are four tickets, which you'll give up when called upon." Mounting some spacious stairs, the stone steps of which are protected by a wooden covering, we are stopped by a man on guard, who calls "Philip;" whereupon one of the loungers presents himself from below with a consummate air of never having seen me before. The first of my sixpenny tickets is given up, and I am conducted through a long gallery, like an exaggerated lumber-room, and deposited in the library. I am turning to the guide-book I have just bought when my companion observes, pleasantly, that "I shan't find nothing about it in there," but that for one shilling he can let me have a book which not only contains the whole of my sixpenny purchase, but other information which is essential to the comprehension of St. Paul's.

"Why didn't the other man offer you this sort, instead of takin' sixpence for what ain't much use? Can't say, sir, I'm sure; I 'av'n't got nothin' to do with 'im. I sell these books myself at one shilling, and they include everything that you've got there, and a good deal more besides. Yours is for the monuments, and mine is for the monuments, and for all the rest as well. No, sir, I can't take your guide-book back in exchange. You see it's another man's business to sell that altogether, and his book wouldn't be no use to me, would it now, sir?" I take my ingenious friend's book, and after offering him sixpence and the useless sixpenny book in vain, I become so absorbed in its contents as to forget my debt. "You haven't paid me for the guide-book, sir; and, if you please, I will take back the one you bought first," follows so soon upon the knowledge that our visit is for a public purpose, and that what we denounce as a fraudulent trick will be ex-

posed, that the fate of country cousins and foreigners becomes additionally clear. In our case we took tickets for viewing the whole of the interior of the cathedral, and bought the only guide-book offered us. The seller, and those whom I must call his accomplices, were well aware that the work they sold would be insufficient for my purpose, and deliberately suppressed the fact of there being a more complete one until, as they thought, they had me at disadvantage, and I was under the necessity of buying both. "No, sir, not the least difficulty in getting the sixpence from the other man for this one, sir, thank you, sir. I'll arrange it with 'im, sir, thank you!"—all came after the discovery concerning my public duties and possible public strictures, and were as completely the reverse of the aggressive insolence of the first refusal as affirmative and negative can well be. I am sent up alone to look at the clock and the bell, and don't in the least understand either. A clockmaker is winding up the first, and informs me it is hard work, and always takes an hour. The clapper of the second and a portion of its sides are just visible through an aperture in some boards above me, and after craning my neck until it aches, I decide that I have beheld more exciting spectacles, and think myself scantily repaid for the labour of ascending one hundred additional steps. The outside of seven thousand volumes, a fine oil portrait of Bishop Compton, under whom the cathedral was built, some oak carving by Gibbons, and a flooring made up of pieces of oak inlaid without nails or pegs, are shown me in the library. A glance down the geometrical staircase, "the hundred and ten steps of which hang without visible support, all resting upon the bottom step," and we take leave of our guide, who has by this time put on a look of sheepish guilelessness, as of a simple man whose life is devoted to others, and to whom mercenary or other unworthy motives are unknown. Up more steps of the same spacious staircase as before and we come upon a shrivelled little mummy of a man whose life is spent in whispering, and who seems to have become chronically hoarse in consequence. His neck and chin are hidden in a huge muffler, which has been white, but is now of dubious hue, and his frame is hidden in a black surtout which buttons across the chest and has an air of being slept in. This old man is of a flue-y habit of body, and when he coughs or wheezes, minute particles, such as float in the air after the shaking of a feather bed, exude from his clothes and envelop him in a halo of fluff. He is eminently polite. "Walk in, sir—walk into the gallery, if *you* please," is given with a courtly bow, as if doing the honours of the whispering gallery of St. Paul's were not a thing to be undertaken lightly; and when we have walked in, the wave of the arm with which we are sent on, and the "Stop where you are now, sir, if *you* please," when we are half round, are suggestive of a faded shabby royalty, as of some stage-monarch who has fallen upon evil times. Forgetting the speciality of the place, we turn

round to see who is following us so closely, and find we are deceived by our own echo. We next listen to "This church was built, &c.," in the old man's shrillest whisper, with polite enjoyment and a keen sense of relief when it is over. A young couple from the country, and, as I guess, recently from the altar, are now received by the old man with the same formula which greeted me, and are in their turn waved to the opposite side of the gallery. I watch that couple. He is a gawky, high-shouldered, red-whiskered, raw-boned, healthy, happy monster of one-and-twenty, whose brown coat looks as if it had been made for a deformed relative of stunted growth; whose hat tilts itself at the back of his head with an air of ostentatious independence, and whose hands and feet are on the scale of those which adorn the exterior of gloves' and lastmakers' shops. I pronounce him to be—I scarcely know why—a provincial pawnbroker, and wonder whether he is hard or impressionable in his business dealings. His companion is a dainty little person, whose trim figure is set off in the neatest of jackets, and whose hat and dress and gloves are in such pretty harmony as to make one exclaim for the thousandth time upon the native taste, which so often makes a woman look refined, when the male companion of her own rank out of his working clothes is no more than a bad and weak imitation of another social grade. I make these observations musingly, and from behind the railings of the gallery; for I have plodded three-quarters of the way round, and when the young couple enter I am seated, and peeping down upon the chairs and people in the nave below. Thus, without thought of concealment, I escape observation, and the young couple fancy they have the gallery to themselves. I did not find this out until the old man turned his face to the wall, and began whispering to it as before; when the awkward youth and pretty girl put their faces to the wall to listen, and show an appreciation of the contiguity which convinced me they considered themselves unobserved.

To turn my back, and after giving a sonorous "Hem!" to scuttle out of the gallery and upstairs without looking round, is the work of a moment, the old man giving me, "And a beautiful prospect you'll have, sir, so far as the weather will permit," as a parting salute. A general view of fog, and river, and roof are the strongest impressions I have of the first outside gallery. The dome from here looks as enormous, and the ball and cross as far off as from the street below, and I resume my pilgrimage up the stairs, with a strong feeling that I shall see little more from the ball than I have beheld already. Stairs give way to fixed ladders before we reach the top, and the pleasant genial guide who accompanies us there, and whose cheerful merits call for special mention, advises us to discard hat, and stick, and overcoat at a certain stage. "A little narrow for a man of your figure, sir," is the candid explanation; though what is narrow and why

my figure is called into question are for the moment profound mysteries to me. Up ladder after ladder, the angle of each being sharper than its predecessor, and I stand panting before two iron bars, with odd out-of-the-way muscles asserting their presence in my calves, and wrists, and arms. I am to force my way through those bars, and at first this seems impossible. "Many a one had to turn back here besides you, sir—ladies in particular, for crinoline won't compress, you know, and they can't get through. I think, though, if you stoop so as to get your body sideways between the two nuts, you may manage it with a squeeze." I do manage it with a squeeze, and, panting more than ever and a little sore, am soon making my way up the final ladder and looking out upon London, between the openings below the ball. But there is something terribly uncomfortable in this perch, and I am speedily down again, for a sudden thought occurs to me: suppose I could not re-pass the iron-bars, what would be my fate? I struggle through them, however, after a degree of compression I had hitherto believed to be confined to gutta-percha toys, and descend the long ladders until I reach the place where I left my hat and coat. This is a little round chamber a few feet in diameter, and high up in the summit of the cupola. There is room for perhaps three people to walk abreast round a railing which encircles the space of an ordinary well in the centre. This space is loosely boarded over, a hole being left in it, through which my guide directs me to look. It is not a pleasant notion. To climb over the railings and to stand with nothing but some temporary boarding between you and the nave, where the people may be seen like small insects, to kneel down upon loose planks, and for one of these to jump upwards with a bang, are incidents highly discomposing to the nerves. But I undergo them without question or demur, concealing my nervousness as far as possible. I am heartily glad, however, to clamber over the railings again, and to gradually get down to the outside gallery, known as the "golden," below. One hundred and thirty-two churches are to be counted from here on a clear day; but now our view is practically bounded by some large buildings ("New offices, sir, in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn") in one direction, and the Royal Exchange in the other. These two points represent the range of view on all sides; and my first impression is, that I have been here before. The panoramas and great pictures of bird's-eye views from St. Paul's are so wonderfully like reality, that any one seeing them may rest satisfied without enlarging his experience. The roofs of slate and tiles run at strange odd angles, and look very new. Ludgate-hill and Fleet-street form a tolerably straight gutter up to the point where the fog droops down and shuts them in. Newgate Market is almost cleared of its meat this Saturday afternoon, but a few blue dots are walking to and fro with what looks like raw mutton-chops upon their backs. But that the chops are as big as

the creatures carrying them one would not recognise them to be carcasses. Immediately below us the grass of the churchyard looks green and fresh, and I am able to recognise in the little red box upon wheels, turning the corner by the Cathedral Coffee-house, a Hamersmith omnibus, with two passengers outside. The numerous trains within ear-shot, the whistle and steam from locomotives, are points I don't remember in any panorama, and are of constant occurrence. Blackfriars, Causton-street, and London Bridge are all busy, and it is pleasant to think of the holiday-makers behind each wreath of white smoke, who are rushing home a few hours earlier in honour of Saturday.

"No, sir, you couldn't see up to Charing-cross, not if it was ever so clear, nor yet the Strand, for there's a great bend towards the river, like a helter, just beyond Temple-bar, and that blocks the view like. Well, there is a good deal o' change in the look o' things since I fust began to come up here with visitors forty year ago. There's bin so many new streets and buildings that they make a show even from here; and there ain't a doubt as to the spread there's bin of London, and the way your eye has to travel before it lights on green. Oh yes, sir, you see green all round when it's fine. Fields and trees and perfect country beyond the miles of houses are just as distinct as in a picture. But of course you might come up here twenty times without getting the right sort of day, even in summer, before the fires are lit; but when you do get it, there ain't anything finer, in my opinion, in the world. No, sir, I've never been abroad, having bin kept pretty close to the cathedral during the years I've served in it, and so, perhaps, I oughtn't to argue much about the world. But I've known great travellers say so when they've come up, and I can't fancy anything much finer. Accidents since I've shown people about here? Never heard of one. We have larkly young boys and girls, and ladies who are wilful and bad to manage, but none of 'em's come to harm in my time, nor before it, so far as I know. You see, the ladders are strong and firm, and, bein' boarded at the back, they're like real stairs, only narrer and steep, so that people couldn't very well slip off even if they was to try."

The bell is tolling for afternoon service when we reach the nave, and we determine to reserve our visit to the crypt for another day. Just as we reach the barrier, however, and recognise that the men who sold us guide-books have put on vergers' gowns, a brisk little person asks reproachfully whether we are going to miss the best part of the cathedral. "Time, sir? Oh yes. I'll show you through quickly. Your ticket, sir. It won't take five minutes, and we'll be up again before the service begins." Passing the tombs, below the nave, of painters, architects, and engineers, we come to the resting-place of Nelson and Wellington, and finally to the funeral car which brought the remains of the latter to their rest. Gas is kept



burning round the massive tomb of porphyry beneath which Wellington lies, and the famous car is set off by accessories which are at once lugubrious and theatrical. Three sham horses stand in prancing attitude in its shafts, their nodding black plumes and the draperies spread out upon them being those actually used. The walls are hung with the black cloth employed at the funeral, and this is picked out with tinsel heraldry and ornament. The arms of the different orders conferred upon the departed hero, his ducal coronet, and field-marshal's bâton, are all laid out for display; and the general effect is as if the property-room of a theatre and the show-room of some fashionable mourning warehouse had been suddenly fused.

The care and formality of these arrangements make the neglected statues look filthier and more woebegone than ever as we pass out, and the fact of their standing in the only portion of the cathedral for which no admission-fee is charged does not lessen the significance of the contrast.

#### THE RUSSIAN PEASANTRY.

THE wheels of my carriage have caught fire somewhere about midway between the Russian city of Kiev and the town of Balta. My courier is a soldier, an under officer in a regiment of Cossacks, and he takes counsel with the postilion as to the repairs necessary. I am an old traveller, and accustomed to make shifts of all kinds on the road, but I do not see how to get out of our difficulty. The case seems hopeless. The boxes of the wheels are charred and almost burnt away. Russian peasants, however, are handy fellows, and the postilion makes very light of the accident. For the last half hour since we changed horses he has sat motionless, but howling, on the coach-box, and we have galloped over a flat, monotonous country as fast as ten wiry ponies could carry us under the influence of yells, scolding, and thwacks. The thwacks have been administered in a peculiar manner. Suddenly the motionless little man has started up and applied a long stick with great vigour and decision to the back of every pony within reach of it. Then the carriage has begun to roll and sway about violently from side to side in ruts and out of ruts, jolting over stones, splashing through quagmires, till at last the wheels caught fire, and we come to a dead stop, as I have said. What on earth the Cossack soldier and the postilion are about with the springs and axletree of the carriage I have never been able to ascertain, but they seem quite at home at their work. The horses stand at ease—a disorderly little mob, and the cries which worried them five minutes ago are silent, the sharp stinging stick is still. There are the two peasants mute, and busy as ants. The Cossack soldier, a smart dapper little man, neat and trim as may be, with the breast of his coat all covered with medals and military decorations, nevertheless produces from

his pocket a long piece of tallow candle. The postilion unties the rope which has served him for a belt, and nimbly picks it to pieces. They apply the tow thus produced well greased with tallow to the blackened wheels, and then so manage to tie and bind them as to produce a very workmanlike effect. In short, we are able to continue our journey, and I prepare to take my seat, and resume a doze interrupted by this unexpected halt. Suddenly, the little soldier surprises me by dropping down swiftly on both his knees, and holding his uplifted hands together in the attitude of prayer. He looks a queer, stiff figure, like a wooden man, or a puppet moved by machinery. He remains silent, but suppliant. On inquiry it appears that he wishes to sit behind the carriage on the footboard instead of in front, as he usually does, for parade purposes, in order that he may watch the wheels in case they should catch fire again. He merely prefers this request on his knees as a matter of custom and habit. It is his way of being civil after the usual manner of his class and country, nothing more. When he was with his regiment, if he had put a question to his colonel without this formality he would have probably fared badly. He has remembered the lessons of his early life, and will remember them as long as he is capable of recollecting anything. When this little affair is settled, he has another also to perform, which he considers part of his professional duty as body-guard in charge of my safety. It is to thump the postilion. The man has done nothing wrong, but a mischance has happened, and therefore concludes his fellow-slave, somebody must be punished. The postilion takes his thumping in very good part. It is bestowed upon him without any passion or opprobrium, in a business-like sort of way, and as something necessary for his good. It would never occur to a Russian peasant to bandy blows or words with a soldier in uniform, under any provocation whatever, although they might both have been born and bred in the same village. A uniform is far too sacred a symbol to be touched by the hottest and angriest hand. When the beating is over, the postilion climbs up on to the coach-box, recommences his howling noises as before, and on we roll to the next station, a market town in the corn countries.

On entering the post-house I find the little soldier is already before me, on his knees near a picture of the Virgin, illuminated by a small oil lamp constantly burning. No Russian peasant's house is without some such picture in the best room of it; and all who go in and out cross themselves devoutly when they look at it. My soldier is now crossing himself all over with extreme rapidity as if to make the most of his time, or to fulfil a vow. When he rises from his knees he explains to me that we shall find it impossible to continue our journey that night, and that he has just been returning thanks to all his saints for our safe arrival. He observes, however, that he had no real apprehension of danger owing to the intervention of

a small pocket saint which he bought of a holy man in the Kiev catacombs, and has ever since carried about with him; the saint in question being an infallible protector of travellers.

So, as I am about to pass a night at the post-house, I begin to examine my quarters. It is a long, low, whitewashed building of only one story high, but standing with its outhouses and stabling upon considerably more than an acre of ground. It is a straggling, infirm, unsubstantial place, partly in ruins; but all its imperfections are covered by the omnipresent whitewash. My luggage has been conveyed to a small, dark den of a room, so full of close air, and empty of comfort that there is no temptation to remain in it. So leaving the Cossack to mount guard over my goods, and to protect them from light fingers, I wander out into the town; and make my way towards the market-place, where the manners of a people are always seen to most advantage. The market is held on a large open pace where some disorderly huts and tents have been set up. Very little of an edible nature is sold there, and nothing at all nice or tempting. There are some lean, damp fowls in hen-coops, and some geese of disconsolate aspect tied by the leg together, and worn slung over the shoulder of the seller head downwards till they find a purchaser. Some white cabbages and a few onions complete the marketable stock in trade of a considerable town. There is no life or bustle anywhere, and the mud under foot is so deep and stiff as to render walking laborious and unpleasant. There is nothing for it but to go back to the post-house and make the most of a dull afternoon, while my carriage is being mended. Returning to the post-house, I notice that the only visible shops are a chemist's and a tea-room. There are very few people about the streets; hardly any indeed, though they are all wider than Piccadilly. It looks inexpressibly melancholy to see only one or two people dotted about them at long intervals; and those in the grey sullen light of a Russian day seem lost and unhappy.

I am hungry, and the thoughts of dinner present themselves to my mind with increasing frequency and attraction every minute. There is no eager host about the place, however; no brisk waiter. My room being now sufficiently sweetened to admit of examination is found to contain an insecure wooden bedstead without mattress or bedding, a rickety table, a pie dish, an empty tumbler, and a chair. Nothing more. There is no bell or other means of summoning the natives. All communication with the outer world must be made by means of bawling till somebody comes. Nobody appearing, in answer to my first series of shouts, the Cossack walks on tiptoe to a corner where he has left the stick which is his councillor in every difficulty, and sallies forth in quest of a pair of shoulders to fit it.

There is little doubt that if in the present altered state of the Russian law I were myself to raise a finger against any of the bumpkins lounging about I should never hear the last of

it. I know well that an Italian cook, who gave a chance blow to one of his scullions, had lately to pay altogether an unreasonable sum for his enjoyment. But my Cossack walks up to the first man he meets and pummels him without mercy or remonstrance. The man being duly awakened by this process becomes instantly endowed with the conversational faculty which had previously lain dormant in his mind. Being then informed that the postmaster, or somebody belonging to his establishment, is required to get something to eat, he cheerfully expresses his willingness to go in search of one or both of them. Half an hour is dawdled away, and nobody coming in reply to this message, the Cossack and I set forth on an expedition of discovery. After roaming for some time about the nooks and passages of the interminable range of buildings which form the post-house, we at last come upon a smoky den whence issue low sounds of muttered talk. The Cossack puts a forefinger to his lips in a knowing manner, and then points to the door, before which, coiled up in a ball like a dormouse, crouches our messenger, waiting for an answer to his communication. He motions silently towards the interior of the room, and we enter. There sits the postmaster with his head tied up in a red handkerchief, and a cigar between his lips, playing with a personal friend at the exciting game of double dummy. Fortunately for that postmaster the superior authorities at St. Petersburg some years ago found it necessary to confer upon his order throughout Russia an official rank sufficiently high to protect them from beatings. The backs of all the postmasters in the empire had been made so sore by the consequences of their supine behaviour that this measure was found indispensable, or the card-playing pair would have infallibly come to grief on the present occasion. As it is my little Cossack makes himself and his medals felt rather oppressively, and the postmaster turns white and begins to shake like a man with the ague; for the fact is, I am travelling with a way-bill having two seals, which is a sort of certificate that my business is of importance to the Imperial Government, and that any one who hinders or troubles me is likely to suffer for it. No sooner is this mysterious document produced than all becomes smooth. The postmaster has got no dinner himself, he never has had, and never will have any; but he will send to the local prince's German land agent, who will supply me at once with all things necessary. So by-and-by comes a good homely dinner and a bottle of brave German wine; and then a little later comes the agent himself to bear me company.

The agent is a baldheaded gentlemanly man, who has passed the early part of his life in medical studies, and has a strong passion for the pursuit of investigations in comparative anatomy. He knows nothing whatever about the management of land, but having been exiled from the Austrian dominions, because his brother

was suspected of having taken part in some Hungarian revolt, he travelled, not knowing where else to go, down the Lower Danube, intending to make halt in Roumania, and there continue the practice of his profession. But happening to meet a Russian prince on the steamer, he found that this impressionable magnate had just become convinced that all Germans were born farmers, and after a very brief acquaintance, he proposed that the physician should take the place of one of his own countrymen, who had nearly ruined the prince by an abuse of trust. This, briefly, was the agent's history, and when he had told it in a pleasant, dry, humorous, German way, he proposed that we should go and take tea with his wife. We made quite a civilised party in the wilderness, but the agent had a sad account to give of his charge.

"We, my wife and I, have done all we can," he said, "to render ourselves popular. We have tried to introduce dairy farming, and many other things which I have learned from books. For although I did not know much of agriculture when I came here, I have since tried to instruct myself, and in learning to teach others. We have oppressed and worried nobody, and done the best we could for our neighbours in a small way. But they all get tipsy, and care for nothing but drink. They will not work for money nor persuasion. They are so dull of intelligence that they are not to be trusted with the management of the simplest steam machinery by which their labour might be replaced; and whenever they get offended, they revenge themselves by burning down the barns where our corn is housed. I have tried to entice some of my countrymen here, to form a small colony, but there is a strong and growing prejudice against foreigners in Russia; and it is not altogether unreasonable. When an ordinary labouring man from any civilised country comes here, he sees so much ignorance and barbarism around him, that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, his head gets quite turned by constantly comparing his own small acquirements with the utter darkness and savagery of all with whom he comes in contact. The Russian language, too, being difficult to learn, he finds himself cut off from all social intercourse; and there being no local opinion to restrain him he usually takes to drink, and becomes far worse and more unmanageable than a native. In a word, after having tried all I could for ten years to benefit my employer, I am about to give up my efforts in despair; and when I leave this place the estate will probably fall entirely out of cultivation. Nothing can be done at present with the emancipated serfs. Nothing ever will be done with them till they are brought to their senses by some awful visitation of famine. As it is we cannot even get a domestic servant. With the peasantry, freedom means simply, total idleness."

And then the kindly German lady tells her story. How she was deluded to come into Russia by an advertisement and a sham baron.

How she found herself at the end of her journey at a distant village remote from civilised help, and was there ill treated, outraged, and nearly starved. How she at length succeeded in escaping in disguise, and was brought here by a benevolent Jewish carrier. How her present husband gave her home and shelter, watched her through a long illness brought on by hardship, and married her when she recovered. Then she tells how they have lived cut off from all intellectual resources, without friends, without amusement, far from intelligent speech and interchange of thought. How the few words they hear are mostly sordid and unsympathetic. How all grace and charm have been banished from their lives; till they are glad to leave a place which has been little better than a tomb to them, leaving no friendships, no regrets, behind them.

On going back to the post-house, after an evening spent in this way, I find that my kind host has had the forethought to send me some bedding; and two hulking men are arranging it in an uncouth sort of way as I come in. There is no such thing as a chambermaid in Russia. Women generally are rare and shy, much of the Asiatic feeling as to the propriety of their seclusion prevailing in the national mind. Women may be found in the fields driving oxen, sowing seed, and gleaning corn. They may be found sheep-shearing, wool-washing, or even following the plough—harsh-voiced, coarse, flat-faced things, with small lustreless eyes, wide nostrils, and large mouths. Women also may be found at court and in ball-rooms blazing with jewels and daintily arrayed. But in the home life of the middle classes they seem to disappear altogether. Now and then by accident a withered old hag with bare legs will be observed carrying firewood for the stoves, or doing some rough menial work; but a smart little maid, all smiles and blushes, or a comely dame with a bonny welcome in her face, is never seen by a visitor in the house of a Russian under the rank of a prince; and then only because the higher classes of travelled people have copied foreign manners; for even princes, when they live in out-of-the-way places, shut up their wives and daughters as jealously as Turks. This is how it comes that two clumsy louts are making my bed. I am too thankful to have a bed at all. It is a very scarce thing in Russia. Many Muscovite celebrities never think of going to bed. They do not know how to go to bed, most of them. An ex-governor-general of St. Petersburg and a minister of state were both discovered between sheets at one of the late emperor's palaces in full uniform with their jack-boots and spurs on. A Russian peasant scarcely knows what the use of a bed means. He rolls himself up in his sheepskin anywhere and everywhere, and sleeps till he is hungry. He has no fixed hours of rest; and is as likely to be asleep at noonday as awake at midnight. A Russian household is never all asleep or all awake at the same time. However, my bed is made at last and I am

alone, with the Cossack rolled up, dozing but watchful, at the door. And so I take some companionable book out of my portmanteau and read myself off to sleep.

It must be somewhere about two or three o'clock in the morning when I am awake by a sense of near danger, and, starting up in bed, I look round the room. There is nothing visible, but I fancy I hear a slight noise, and listen for some time attentively. I can distinguish nothing but the regular breathing of the Cossack soldier on the other side of the door, and so, becoming convinced that nightmare has startled me, I go off to sleep again till morning. Then the mystery is explained. Everything portable is gone. My clothes, my watch, whatever has been left about has been stolen. Yet the Cossack soldier never moved from his post, and the thing seems incredible till a stream of cold air makes me look towards the window, and then the manner in which the robbery has been effected is plain enough. One of the panes of glass has been removed, and as there are no shutters to the window a little country lout has been passed through, according to a common practice among Russian thieves, and has stripped the room of its contents too stealthily even to attract the attention of the watchful soldier on guard within a few feet of him. Had I not awoke at the right time I might very probably have been deprived even of my bedclothes and sleeve buttons. If the Russian peasant displayed only one-tenth part of the ingenuity with which he can consummate a robbery, in his own legitimate concerns, he might be a prosperous man. But his aversion to honest toil is unconquerable, and his love of thieving inborn, and surprising as to its dexterity.

## HOLIDAY ROMANCE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART IV.

ROMANCE. FROM THE PEN OF MISS NETTIE ASHFORD.\*

THERE is a country, which I will show you when I get into Maps, where the children have everything their own way. It is a most delightful country to live in. The grown-up people are obliged to obey the children, and are never allowed to sit up to supper, except on their birthdays. The children order them to make jam and jelly and marmalade, and tarts and pies and puddings and all manner of pastry. If they say they won't, they are put in the corner till they do. They are sometimes allowed to have some, but when they have some, they generally have powders given them afterwards.

One of the inhabitants of this country, a truly sweet young creature of the name of Mrs. Orange, had the misfortune to be sadly plagued by her numerous family. Her parents required

\* Aged half-past six.

a great deal of looking after, and they had connexions and companions who were scarcely ever out of mischief. So Mrs. Orange said to herself, "I really cannot be troubled with these Torments any longer, I must put them all to school."

Mrs. Orange took off her pinafore, and dressed herself very nicely, and took up her baby, and went out to call upon another lady of the name of Mrs. Lemon, who kept a Preparatory Establishment. Mrs. Orange stood upon the scraper to pull at the bell, and gave a Ring-ting-ting.

Mrs. Lemon's neat little housemaid, pulling up her socks as she came along the passage, answered the Ring-ting-ting.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Orange. "Fine day. How do you do? Mrs. Lemon at home?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Will you say Mrs. Orange and baby?"

"Yes, ma'am. Walk in."

Mrs. Orange's baby was a very fine one, and real wax all over. Mrs. Lemon's baby was leather and bran. However, when Mrs. Lemon came into the drawing-room with her baby in her arms, Mrs. Orange said politely, "Good morning. Fine day. How do you do? And how is little Tootleum-Boots?"

"Well, she is but poorly. Cutting her teeth, ma'am," said Mrs. Lemon.

"Oh, indeed, ma'am!" said Mrs. Orange.

"No fits, I hope?"

"No, ma'am."

"How many teeth has she, ma'am?"

"Five, ma'am."

"My Emilia, ma'am, has eight," said Mrs. Orange. "Shall we lay them on the mantel-piece side by side, while we converse?"

"By all means, ma'am," said Mrs. Lemon.

"Hem!"

"The first question is, ma'am," said Mrs. Orange—"I don't bore you?"

"Not in the least, ma'am," said Mrs. Lemon.

"Far from it, I assure you."

"Then pray have you," said Mrs. Orange,

"have you any vacancies?"

"Yes, ma'am. How many might you require?"

"Why, the truth is, ma'am," said Mrs. Orange, "I have come to the conclusion that my children"—O I forgot to say that they call the grown-up people, children, in that country—"that my children are getting positively too much for me. Let me see. Two parents, two intimate friends of theirs, one godfather, two godmothers, and an aunt. Have you as many as eight vacancies?"

"I have just eight, ma'am," said Mrs. Lemon.

"Most fortunate! Terms moderate, I think?"

"Very moderate, ma'am."

"Diet good, I believe?"

"Excellent, ma'am."

"Unlimited?"

"Unlimited."

"Most satisfactory! Corporal punishment dispensed with?"

"Why, we do occasionally shake," said Mrs.



Lemon, "and we have slapped. But only in extreme cases."

"*Could* I, ma'am," said Mrs. Orange, "*could* I see the establishment?"

"With the greatest of pleasure, ma'am," said Mrs. Lemon.

Mrs. Lemon took Mrs. Orange into the school-room, where there were a number of pupils. "Stand up, children!" said Mrs. Lemon, and they all stood up.

Mrs. Orange whispered to Mrs. Lemon, "There is a pale bald child with red whiskers, in disgrace. Might I ask what he has done?" "Come here, White," said Mrs. Lemon, "and tell this lady what you have been doing."

"Betting on horses," said White, sulkily.

"Are you sorry for it, you naughty child?" said Mrs. Lemon.

"No," said White. "Sorry to lose, but shouldn't be sorry to win."

"There's a vicious boy for you, ma'am," said Mrs. Lemon. "Go along with you, sir. This is Brown, Mrs. Orange. Oh, a sad case, Brown's! Never knows when he has had enough. Greedy. How is your gout, sir?"

"Bad," said Brown.

"What else can you expect?" said Mrs. Lemon. "Your stomach is the size of two. Go and take exercise directly. Mrs. Black, come here to me. Now here is a child, Mrs. Orange, ma'am, who is always at play. She can't be kept at home a single day together; always gadding about and spoiling her clothes. Play, play, play, from morning to night, and to morning again. How can she expect to improve?"

"Don't expect to improve," sulked Mrs. Black. "Don't want to."

"There is a specimen of her temper, ma'am," said Mrs. Lemon. "To see her when she is tearing about, neglecting everything else, you would suppose her to be at least good-humoured. But bless you, ma'am, she is as pert and as flouncing a minx as ever you met with in all your days!"

"You must have a great deal of trouble with them, ma'am," said Mrs. Orange.

"Ah! I have indeed, ma'am," said Mrs. Lemon. "What with their tempers, what with their quarrels, what with their never knowing what's good for them, and what with their always wanting to domineer, deliver me from these unreasonable children!"

"Well, I wish you good morning, ma'am," said Mrs. Orange.

"Well, I wish you good morning, ma'am," said Mrs. Lemon.

So Mrs. Orange took up her baby and went home, and told the family that plagued her so that they were all going to be sent to school. They said they didn't want to go to school, but she packed up their boxes and packed them off.

"Oh dear me, dear me! Rest and be thankful!" said Mrs. Orange, throwing herself back in her little arm-chair. "Those troublesome troubles are got rid of, please the Pigs!"

Just then another lady named Mrs. Alicump-

paine came calling at the street-door with a Ring-ting-ting.

"My dear Mrs. Alicumpaine," said Mrs. Orange, "how do you do? Pray stay to dinner. We have but a simple joint of sweet stuff, followed by a plain dish of bread and treacle, but if you will take us as you find us it will be so kind!"

"Don't mention it," said Mrs. Alicumpaine. "I shall be too glad. But what do you think I have come for, ma'am? Guess, ma'am."

"I really cannot guess, ma'am," said Mrs. Orange.

"Why, I am going to have a small juvenile party to-night," said Mrs. Alicumpaine, "and if you and Mr. Orange and baby would but join us, we should be complete."

"More than charmed, I am sure!" said Mrs. Orange.

"So kind of you!" said Mrs. Alicumpaine. "But I hope the children won't bore you?"

"Dear things! Not at all," said Mrs. Orange. "I dote upon them."

Mr. Orange here came home from the city, and he came too with a Ring-ting-ting.

"James, love," said Mrs. Orange, "you look tired. What has been doing in the city to-day?"

"Trap bat and ball, my dear," said Mr. Orange. "and it knocks a man up."

"That dreadfully anxious city, ma'am," said Mrs. Orange to Mrs. Alicumpaine; "so wearing, is it not?"

"Oh, so trying!" said Mrs. Alicumpaine. "John has lately been speculating in the peg-top ring, and I often say to him at night, 'John, is the result worth the wear and tear?'"

Dinner was ready by this time, so they sat down to dinner; and while Mr. Orange carved the joint of sweet-stuff, he said, "It's a poor heart that never rejoices. Jane, go down to the cellar and fetch a bottle of the Upest Ginger-beer."

At tea-time Mr. and Mrs. Orange, and baby, and Mrs. Alicumpaine, went off to Mrs. Alicumpaine's house. The children had not come yet, but the ball-room was ready for them, decorated with paper flowers.

"How very sweet!" said Mrs. Orange. "The dear things! How pleased they will be!"

"I don't care for children myself," said Mr. Orange, gaping.

"Not for girls?" said Mrs. Alicumpaine.

"Come! You care for girls?"

Mr. Orange shook his head and gaped again. "Frisolous and vain, ma'am."

"My dear James," cried Mrs. Orange, who had been peeping about, "do look here. Here's the supper for the darlings, ready laid in the room behind the folding-doors. Here's their little pickled salmon, I do declare! And here's their little salad, and their little roast beef and fowls, and their little pastry, and their wee, wee, wee, champagne!"

"Yes, I thought it best, ma'am," said Mrs. Alicumpaine, "that they should have their supper by themselves. Our table is in the corner

here, where the gentlemen can have their wine-glass of negus and their egg-sandwich, and their quiet game at beggar-my-neighbour, and look on. As for us, ma'am, we shall have quite enough to do to manage the company."

"Oh, indeed you may say so. Quite enough, ma'am!" said Mrs. Orange.

The company began to come. The first of them was a stout boy, with a white top-knot and spectacles. The housemaid brought him in and said, "Compliments, and at what time was he to be fetched?" Mrs. Alicumpaine said, "Not a moment later than ten. How do you do, sir? Go and sit down." Then a number of other children came; boys by themselves, and girls by themselves, and boys and girls together. They didn't behave at all well. Some of them looked through quizzing-glasses at others, and said, "Who are those? Don't know them." Some of them looked through quizzing-glasses at others, and said, "How do?" Some of them had cups of tea or coffee handed to them by others, and said, "Thanks! Much!" A good many boys stood about, and felt their shirt-collars. Four tiresome fat boys *would* stand in the doorway and talk about the newspapers, till Mrs. Alicumpaine went to them and said, "My dears, I really cannot allow you to prevent people from coming in. I shall be truly sorry to do it, but, if you put yourselves in everybody's way, I must positively send you home." One boy, with a beard and a large white waistcoat, who stood straddling on the hearth-rug warming his coat-tails, *was* sent home. "Highly incorrect, my dear," said Mrs. Alicumpaine, handing him out of the room, "and I cannot permit it."

There was a children's band—harp, cornet, and piano—and Mrs. Alicumpaine and Mrs. Orange bustled among the children to persuade them to take partners and dance. But they were so obstinate! For quite a long time they would not be persuaded to take partners and dance. Most of the boys said, "Thanks. Much. But not at present." And most of the rest of the boys said, "Thanks. Much. But never do."

"Oh! These children are very wearing," said Mrs. Alicumpaine to Mrs. Orange.

"Dear things! I dote upon them, but they are wearing," said Mrs. Orange to Mrs. Alicumpaine.

At last they did begin in a slow and melancholy way to slide about to the music, though even then they wouldn't mind what they were told, but would have this partner, and wouldn't have that partner, and showed temper about it. And they wouldn't smile, no not on any account they wouldn't; but when the music stopped, went round and round the room in dismal twos, as if everybody else was dead.

"Oh! It's very hard indeed to get these vexing children to be entertained," said Mrs. Alicumpaine to Mrs. Orange.

"I dote upon the darlings, but it is hard," said Mrs. Orange to Mrs. Alicumpaine.

They were trying children, that's the truth. First, they wouldn't sing when they were asked,

and then, when everybody fully believed they wouldn't, they would. "If you serve us so any more, my love," said Mrs. Alicumpaine to a tall child, with a good deal of white back, in mauve silk trimmed with lace, "it will be my painful privilege to offer you a bed, and to send you to it immediately."

The girls were so ridiculously dressed, too, that they were in rags before supper. How could the boys help treading on their trains? And yet when their trains were trodden on, they often showed temper again, and looked as black, they did! However, they all seemed to be pleased when Mrs. Alicumpaine said, "Supper is ready, children!" And they went crowding and pushing in, as if they had had dry bread for dinner.

"How are the children getting on?" said Mr. Orange to Mrs. Orange, when Mrs. Orange came to look after baby. Mrs. Orange had left Baby on a shelf near Mr. Orange while he played at Beggar-my-Neighbour, and had asked him to keep his eye upon her now and then.

"Most charmingly, my dear!" said Mrs. Orange. "So droll to see their little flirtations and jealousies! Do come and look!"

"Much obliged to you, my dear," said Mr. Orange, "but I don't care about children myself."

So Mrs. Orange, having seen that baby was safe, went back without Mr. Orange to the room where the children were having supper.

"What are they doing now?" said Mrs. Orange to Mrs. Alicumpaine.

"They are making speeches and playing at Parliament," said Mrs. Alicumpaine to Mrs. Orange.

On hearing this, Mrs. Orange set off once more back again to Mr. Orange, and said "James dear, do come. The children are playing Parliament."

"Thank you, my dear," said Mr. Orange, "but I don't care about Parliament myself."

So Mrs. Orange went once again without Mr. Orange to the room where the children were having supper, to see them playing at Parliament. And she found some of the boys crying "Hear, hear, hear!" while other boys cried "No, no!" and others "Question!"

"Spoke!" and all sorts of nonsense that ever you heard. Then one of those tiresome fat boys who had stopped the doorway, told them he was on his legs (as if they couldn't see that he wasn't on his head, or on his anything else) to explain, and that with the permission of his honourable friend, if he would allow him to call him so (another tiresome boy bowed), he would proceed to explain. Then he went on for a long time in a sing-song (whatever he meant!), did this troublesome fat boy, about that he held in his hand a glass, and about that he had come down to that house that night to discharge what he would call a public duty, and about that on the present occasion he would lay his hand (his other hand) upon his heart, and would tell honourable gentlemen that he was about to open the door to general approval. Then he opened the door by saying "To our hostess!"

and everybody else said "To our hostess!" and then there were cheers. Then another tiresome boy started up in sing-song, and then half a dozen noisy and nonsensical boys at once. But at last Mrs. Alicumpaine said, "I cannot have this din. Now, children, you have played at Parliament very nicely, but Parliament gets tiresome after a little while, and it's time you left off, for you will soon be fetched."

After another dance (with more tearing to rags than before supper) they began to be fetched, and you will be very glad to be told that the tiresome fat boy who had been on his legs was walked off first without any ceremony. When they were all gone, poor Mrs. Alicumpaine dropped upon a sofa and said to Mrs. Orange, "These children will be the death of me at last, ma'am, they will indeed!"

"I quite adore them, ma'am," said Mrs. Orange, "but they do want variety."

Mr. Orange got his hat, and Mrs. Orange got her bonnet and her baby, and they set out to walk home. They had to pass Mrs. Lemon's Preparatory Establishment on their way.

"I wonder, James dear," said Mrs. Orange, looking up at the window, "whether the precious children are asleep!"

"I don't much care whether they are or not, myself," said Mr. Orange.

"James dear!"

"You dote upon them, you know," said Mr. Orange. "That's another thing."

"I do!" said Mrs. Orange, rapturously. "Oh I do!"

"I don't," said Mr. Orange.

"But I was thinking, James love," said Mrs. Orange, pressing his arm, "whether our dear good kind Mrs. Lemon would like them to stay the holidays with her."

"If she was paid for it, I dare say she would," said Mr. Orange.

"I adore them, James," said Mrs. Orange; "but suppose we pay her then!"

This was what brought that country to such perfection, and made it such a delightful place to live in; the grown-up people (that would be in other countries) soon left off being allowed any holidays after Mr. and Mrs. Orange tried the experiment; and the children (that would be in other countries) kept them at school as long as ever they lived, and made them do whatever they were told.

### FARADAY.

NONE appreciate the beauties of music so thoroughly as those who make it. Much as a brilliant experiment delights an audience, it gratifies the experimenter even more. Nothing, therefore, can be more appropriate or welcome than a sketch of the labours of a master discoverer, by a masterly exponent of scientific discovery.

When Dr. Tyndall gives us a book, it is something better than *Science Made Easy*, being science rendered irresistibly attractive, without any false pretensions to easiness. The reader

must climb the hill before him. Its height and steepness are not concealed by any fog of ignorance or haze of assumption; but a friendly guide helps him over rugged places, avowing their difficulty and encouraging his efforts to surmount them. Moreover, the points which the guide himself cannot attain, he plainly states that he really cannot, holding out no delusive hope of their being ever accessible. "Though the progress and development of science may seem to be unlimited, there is a region apparently beyond her reach—a line, with which she does not even tend to osculate. . . Having exhausted physics, and reached its very rim, the real mystery yet looms beyond us. And thus it will ever loom—ever beyond the bourne of man's intellect."\*

In the present instance there is the same able teaching, and the same modest and prudent reserve. There is no professed attempt to lay before the world a *life* of Faraday in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Such personal traits only are introduced as are necessary to complete the picture of the philosopher,† though by no means adequate to give a complete idea of the man. Faraday as a Discoverer, is a lecture given in print, instead of being spoken *vivâ voce*. It is a dictation lesson, every sentence of which will be eagerly caught up and reverently remembered. It is an outpouring of the heart, a relief of the memory, by one full of his subject to overflowing. The earnest love of the biographer proves (if any such proof were necessary) the sterling value of his departed friend.

Michael Faraday was born at Newington Butts on the 22nd of September, 1791, and died at Hampton Court, on the 25th of August, 1867. Dr. Tyndall—believing in the general truth of the doctrine of hereditary transmission, and sharing Mr. Carlyle's opinion, that "a really able man never proceeded from entirely stupid parents"—once used the privilege of his intimacy with Mr. Faraday to ask him whether his parents showed any signs of unusual ability. He could remember none. His father was a great sufferer during the latter years of his life, and that might have masked whatever intellectual power he possessed. But mental capability will often remain latent, until something special occurs to call it into action. Even when driven to exercise its faculties, its highest manifestations are not always produced. Lord Lytton (in his *Student*) says that an author's best works may be those which he has *not* written, but only projected.

In 1804, when thirteen years old, Faraday was apprenticed to a bookseller and binder, with whom he spent eight years of his life; after which, he worked as a journeyman else-

\* Heat as a mode of motion.

† Faraday loved this word, and employed it to the last; he had an intense dislike to the modern term *physicist*. In one of his early letters we find, "I was formerly a bookseller and binder, but am now turned philosopher."

where. But with whatever employer, his heart was in the highlands. It was in the books he bound, in the hours after work, that he found the beginning of his philosophy. There were two that especially helped him: the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, from which he gained his first notions of electricity, and Mrs. Marcet's *Conversations on Chemistry*, which gave him his foundation in that science. Introduced to Sir Humphry Davy's last lectures at the Royal Institution, he took notes of them, wrote them fairly out, and sent them to Davy, entreating him to enable him to quit trade, which he detested, and to pursue science, which he loved.

Davy (be it never forgotten) wrote to Faraday at once, and afterwards, when an opportunity occurred, made him his assistant. Showing to an influential friend this application from "a youth of twenty-two years of age," he said, "Pepys, what am I to do? Here is a letter from a young man named Faraday. He has been attending my lectures, and wants me to give him employment at the Royal Institution. *What can I do?*"

"Do?" replied Pepys; "put him to wash bottles; if he is good for anything, he will do it directly; if he refuses, he is good for nothing."

"No, no," replied Davy, "we must try him with something better than that." The result was, that Davy engaged him to assist in the laboratory at *weekly* wages.

Subsequently, Faraday accompanied Sir Humphry to Rome, in the capacity of philosophical assistant. On returning, he was re-engaged by the managers of the Royal Institution on the 15th of May, 1815. Here he made rapid progress in chemistry, and after a time was entrusted by Davy with easy analyses. In those days the Royal Institution published *The Quarterly Journal of Science*. In that journal, in 1816, Faraday's first contribution to science appeared. It was an analysis of some caustic lime from Tuscany, which had been sent to Davy by the Duchess of Montrose. In 1818, he experimented upon "sounding flames." Professor Auguste de la Rive, father of our present excellent De la Rive, had investigated those sounding flames, and had applied to them an explanation which completely accounted for a class of sounds discovered by De la Rive himself. By a few simple and conclusive experiments, Faraday proved that the explanation was insufficient. It is an epoch in a young man's life—Dr. Tyndall shrewdly observes—when he finds himself correcting a person of eminence; and in Faraday's case, where its effect was to develop a modest self-trust, such an event could not fail to act profitably.

In 1820, Faraday published a chemical paper "On two new compounds of chlorine and carbon, and on a new compound of iodine, carbon, and hydrogen," which was read before the Royal Society on the 21st of December, 1820. This was the first of his productions that was honoured with a place in the *Philosophical Transactions*. On the 12th of June,

1821, he married, and obtained leave to bring his young wife into his rooms at the Royal Institution, Mrs. Faraday then being twenty-one and he nearly thirty years of age. There for forty-six years they lived together, occupying the suite of apartments which had been previously in the successive occupancy of Young, Davy, and Brande. Regarding this marriage, Dr. Tyndall quotes an entry written in Faraday's own hand in his book of diplomas. "25th January, 1847. — Amongst these records and events, I here insert the date of one which, as a source of honour and happiness, far exceeds all the rest. We were married on June 12, 1821." This is one proof, amongst many others, of an honourable feature of Faraday's character. In his relations to his wife, he added *chivalry* to affection.

Further illustrations of character are given in a concluding heartfelt and affectionate chapter, from which we will cite only two leading points—his independent spirit, and his preference of knowledge to worldly gain. The first was especially manifested when Sir Robert Peel, in 1835, wished to offer Faraday a pension. That great statesman, however, quitted office before he was able to realise his intention. The minister who founded those pensions intended them to be marks of honour, which even proud men might accept without compromise of independence. Nevertheless, when the intimation first reached Faraday in an unofficial way, he wrote a letter announcing his determination to decline the pension, and stating that he was quite competent to earn his livelihood himself. That letter still exists, but it was never sent; Faraday's repugnance having been overruled by his friends.

When Lord Melbourne came into office, he desired to see Faraday. Probably, in utter ignorance of the man—for, unhappily for both parties, ministers of state in England are only too often ignorant of great Englishmen—his lordship said something that must have deeply displeased his visitor. The term "humbbug," it appears, was incautiously employed, and other expressions were used of a similar kind. Faraday quitted the minister with his own resolves, and that evening he left his card with a short and decisive note at Lord Melbourne's residence, stating that he had manifestly mistaken his lordship's intention of honouring science in his person, and declining to have anything whatever to do with the proposed pension.

The good-humoured nobleman at first considered the matter a capital joke; but he was afterwards led to look at it more seriously. An excellent lady, who was a friend both to Faraday and the minister, tried to arrange matters between them; but she found Faraday very difficult to move from the position he had assumed. After many fruitless efforts, she at length begged of him to state what he would require of Lord Melbourne to induce him to change his mind. He replied, "I should require from his lordship what I have no right or reason



to expect that he would grant—a written apology for the words he permitted himself to use to me." The required apology came, frank and full, creditable alike to the prime minister and the philosopher.

Next, as to his utter want of greed: Faraday once confided to Dr. Tyndall that at a certain period of his career, he was *forced* definitely to ask himself, and finally to decide, whether he should make wealth or science the pursuit of his life. It was a second Choice of Hercules. He could not serve both masters; he was therefore compelled to choose between them. After the discovery of magneto-electricity, his fame was so noised abroad that the commercial world would hardly have considered any remuneration too high for the aid of abilities like his. Even before he became so famous, he had done a little "professional business." This was the phrase he applied to his purely commercial work. His friend, Richard Phillips, for example, had induced him to undertake a number of analyses, which produced, in the year 1830, an addition to his income of more than a thousand pounds; and in 1831 a still larger sum. He had only to will it, in 1832, to raise his professional business income to five thousand a year. This indeed is a wholly insufficient estimate of what he might, with ease, have realised annually during the last thirty years of his life.

Instead of this, Dr. Tyndall states on his own responsibility, and after the inspection of Faraday's accounts, that in 1832 his professional business income dwindled down to one hundred and fifty-five pounds, nine shillings. From this it fell, with slight oscillations, to zero in 1838. Between 1839 and 1845, it never, except in one instance, exceeded twenty-two pounds, being for the most part much below that sum. The exceptional year referred to was that in which he and Sir Charles Lyell were engaged by Government to write a report on the Haswell Colliery explosion; and then his business income rose to one hundred and twelve pounds. From the end of 1845 to the day of his death, Faraday's annual professional business income was exactly zero. Taking the duration of his life into account, the son of a blacksmith and apprentice to a bookbinder had to decide between a fortune of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds on the one side, and his undowered science on the other. He chose the latter, and died a poor man. But his was the glory of holding aloft among the nations the scientific name of England during a period of forty years.

Faraday disliked "doubtful knowledge." He was possessed of a lively imagination, and could have believed in the Arabian Nights as easily as in the Encyclopædia; but facts were important to him, and saved him. He could trust a fact, and always cross-examined an assertion. Hence his habit of testing everything by experiment and of fixing his attention on the essential points of the subject under investigation, which is recorded in Dr. Tyndall's work on Sound.

"By attention," he says, "even the unaided

ear can accomplish this—namely, the resolution of the clang of an instrument into its constituent tones—particularly if the mind be informed beforehand what the ear has to bend itself to find.

"And this brings to my mind an occurrence which took place in this room (at the Royal Institution) at the beginning of my acquaintance with Mr. Faraday. I wished to show him a peculiar action of an electro-magnet upon a crystal. I had everything arranged, when, just before I excited the magnet, he laid his hand upon my arm and asked 'What am I to look for?' Amid the assemblage of impressions connected with an experiment, even this prince of experimenters felt the advantage of having his attention directed to the special point in question."

The account of Faraday's discoveries here given is succinct—more so than many readers would have wished it. Some most interesting investigations—that, for instance, on the electricity of the gymnotus—have been left untouched in the present memoir. Those who know his charming History of a Candle would eagerly read his description of the electric eel. The former has had the honours of translation; and the translator, M. Henri Sainte-Claire Deville, justly says, "Michel Faraday" (he was then still living) "est la plus grande figure scientifique du temps présent."

Most interesting to the general reader are the researches into the liquefaction of gases. We are familiar with solids, as tallow and tin, which become liquid by the application of no great amount of heat; others, as ice, pass readily through the liquid into the vaporous or gaseous state; but the reverse operation—the reduction of an ordinary gas to a liquid first, and then to a solid—is anything but familiar to the mass of observers. Few dream that a gas can be rendered even liquid. Faraday accomplished the feat.

During his hours of liberty from other duties, he took up subjects of inquiry for himself. In the spring of 1823, thus self-prompted, he began the examination of a substance which had long been regarded as a chemical element—chlorine in a solid form—but which Sir Humphry Davy, in 1810, had proved to be a hydrate of chlorine; that is, a compound of chlorine and water. Faraday first analysed this hydrate, and wrote out an account of its composition. This account was looked over by Davy, who suggested the heating of the hydrate under pressure in a sealed glass tube. This was done. The hydrate fused at a blood-heat, the tube became filled with a yellow atmosphere, and was found to contain two liquid substances. Dr. Paris happened to enter the laboratory while Faraday was at work. Seeing the oily liquid in his tube, he rallied the young chemist for his carelessness in employing soiled vessels. On filing off the end of the tube its contents exploded, and the oily matter vanished. Early next morning, Dr. Paris received the following note:

"Dear Sir,—The oil you noticed yesterday turns out to be liquid chlorine.

"Yours faithfully,

"M. FARADAY."

The gas had been liquefied by its own pressure. Faraday then tried compression with a syringe, and succeeded thus in liquefying the gas. Davy immediately applied the method of self-compressing atmospheres to the liquefaction of muriatic gas. Faraday continued the experiments, and succeeded in reducing a number of gases, till then deemed permanent, to the liquid condition. These important investigations established the fact that gases are but the vapours of liquids possessing a very low boiling-point, and gave a sure basis to the views at present entertained respecting molecular aggregation. Such results were not obtained without paying their price. While conducting his first experiments on the liquefaction of gases, thirteen pieces of glass were on one occasion driven by an explosion into Faraday's eye.

Equally wonderful and suggestive of consequences was his discovery of the magnetisation of light. The same may be said of his speculations touching the nature of matter, for which the reader is referred to the memoir itself. Enough has been written to show that it contains, in its hundred and seventy pages, besides a memorial to departed greatness, ample materials for thought, improvement, and study.

We will take leave of Faraday in the words of M. Deville: "The grandeur and the goodness of his character, the unalterable purity of his scientific life, the sincere love of what was right and just, which he always practised with the ardour and vivacity inherent in his nature—all these high qualities, and all these virtues which are pictured on his animated and sympathetic features, have exercised over his compatriots and the numerous strangers who visit him an attraction which no one to my knowledge could resist."

## THE LATE MISS HOLLINGFORD.

### CHAPTER I.

A DEAR old lady tells us this story in the late autumn evenings. Now the harvest is in, huge haycocks shelter the gable, the honey is strained and put by in jars, the apples are ripened and stored; the logs begin to sputter and sing in the big parlour at evening, hot cakes to steam on the tea-table, and the pleasant lamp-lit hours to spread themselves. Indoor things begin to have meaning looks of their own, our limbs grow quiet, and our brains begin to work. The moors beyond the window take strange expressions in the twilight, and fold mysteries into their hollows with the shadows of the night. The maids in the kitchen sing wild ballads to one another round the ingle; and when one of us young folks threads the rambling passages above to fetch a stray thimble from one of the lavender-scented bedrooms, she comes back flying down the great hollow staircase as if a

troop of ghosts were at her heels. It is the time to enjoy a story, a true story, the story of a real life; and here it is as our dear old lady is telling it to us.

When I first learned, my children, that I was the ward of my mother's early friend, Mrs. Hollingford, and was to live under her roof after my departure from school, I little thought that a place like Hillsbro' Farm was ever likely to be my home. I was a conceited young person, and fond of giving myself airs. My father was colonel of his regiment, and I thought I had a right to look down on Lydia Brown, whose father was in business, though she wore velvet three inches deep upon her frocks, while mine had no better trimming than worsted braid. I had spent all my life at school, from the day when my father and mother kissed me for the last time in Miss Sweetman's parlour. I remember yet my pretty mother's pale tearful face as she looked back at me through the carriage window, and my own paroxysm of despairing tears on the mat when the door was shut. After that I had a pleasant enough life of it. I was a favourite at school, having a disposition to make myself and others as happy as I could. I required a good deal of snubbing, but when properly kept down I believe I was not a disagreeable girl.

My Indian letters generally contained some bit of news to amuse or interest my companions, and now and again captain, or ensign somebody, home upon sick leave, called and presented himself in Miss Sweetman's parlour, with curious presents for me, my mistresses, or favourite companions. I remember well the day when Major Guthrie arrived with the box of stuffed birds. Miss Kitty Sweetman, our youngest and best-loved mistress, was sent on before me to speak civilly to the gentleman in the parlour, and announce my coming. Miss Kitty was the drudge of the school, the sweetest-tempered drudge in the world. She was not so well informed as her elder sisters, and had to make up in the quantity of her teaching what it lacked in the quality. She was fagged, and hunted, and worried from morning till night by all the small girls in the school. She would have been merry if she had had time, and she was witty whenever she could get the chance of being anything but a machine; but she was not always happy, for I slept in her room, and I sometimes heard her crying in the night. As I remember her first she was young and pretty, but as time went on she grew a little faded, and a little harassed looking; though I still thought her sweet enough for anything.

Well, Miss Kitty went down to the major, and I, following close upon her heels, heard a little scream as I paused at the parlour door, and there when I went in was a bronzed-looking gentleman holding Miss Kitty's two hands in his, and looking in her face. And I could not care about the birds for thinking of it, and when we went up to bed Miss Kitty told me that Major Guthrie was an old friend of her

family, and that he had said he would call again. And surely enough he did call again; and then it happened that the three Miss Sweetmans were invited out to an evening party—a great event for them. I thought there was something very particular about it, and so I took care to dress Miss Kitty with my own hands. She had a plain white dress, and I insisted on lending her my blue sash and coral necklace; and when she was dressed she put her finger in her mouth, and asked, between laughing and crying, whether I could further accommodate her with a coral and bells. She looked as young as anybody, though she would make fun of herself. And when she came in that night, and saw my open eyes waiting for her, she sat down on my bed and began to cry, and told me that Major Guthrie had asked her to marry him, and she was going to India as his wife. Then I heard the whole story; how he had loved her dearly long ago; how her friends had refused him because he was too poor, and she was too young; how after he had gone off in a passion reverses had come upon them, and she and her sisters had been obliged to open a school. And so Miss Kitty went out to India, and the only thing that comforted me for her loss was the fact that she took with her the embroidered handkerchief for my mother, and the wrought cigar-case for my father, which it had taken my idleness a whole year to produce. Ah, me! and my eyes never beheld either of these three again: friend, father, nor mother.

My first recollections of Mrs. Hollingford are associated with plum-cake, birthdays, and bonbons. I remember her—an erect, dignified-looking lady in a long velvet cloak, and with a peculiarly venerable face, half severe, half benevolent. I used to feel a little nervous about speaking to her, but I liked to sit at a distance and look at her. I had a superstition that she was the most powerful universal agent in existence; that she had only to say "Let there be plum-cake," and immediately it would appear on the table; or, "This little girl requires a new doll," and at once a waxen cherub would repose in my arms. The Miss Sweetmans paid her the greatest deference, and the girls used to peep over the blinds in the schoolroom at her handsome carriage and powdered servants. I remember, when a very little girl, presenting myself before Miss Sweetman one day, and popping up my hand as a sign that I wanted to ask a question. "What is the reason, Miss Sweetman," I asked, "that Mrs. Hollingford makes me think of the valiant woman of whom we were reading in the Bible yesterday?" But Miss Sweetman was busy, and only puckered up her mouth and ordered me back to my seat. Mrs. Hollingford used to take me on her knee and tell me of a little girl of hers who was at school in France, and with whom I was one day to be acquainted; and a tall lad, who was her son, used to call sometimes with bouquets for Miss Sweetman or sugar-plums for me; but I was never in her house, which I believed to be a palace, nor did I ever see Mr. Hollingford, who

was a banker in the City. After my twelfth birthday I saw them no more. I missed the periodical appearance of the noble face in the parlour. Miss Sweetman, with a very long face, told me something of the breaking of a bank, ruin, and poverty. I was very sorry, but I was too young to realise it much; and I went on thinking of Mrs. Hollingford, in trouble, no doubt, and unfortunately removed from me, but still going about the world in her long velvet cloak and with her hands full of plum-cake.

So my youth went on till I was sixteen, pretty well grown for my years, a little pert, a little proud, a little fond of tinsels and butterflies, a little too apt to make fun of my neighbours, and to believe that the sun had got a special commission to shine upon me, but withal sympathetic and soft-hearted enough when in my right senses, and, as I said before, not a bad sort of girl when properly kept down by a judicious system of snubbing. I had already begun to count the months to the happy time, two years hence, when, my education being finished, I should at last rejoin my parents in India; and I was fond of describing all the beautiful things I would send as presents to the friends who had been kind to me in England. And then one fearful day came the black letter bearing the terrible news which bowed my head in the dust, scattered my girlish vanities, and altered all my fate for life. Every one in the house learned the news before me. I saw blank faces all around, and could only guess the cause, so careful were they to break it to me gradually. For two dreadful days they kept me on the rack of suspense, while I did not know whether it was my father or mother who was dead, or whether both were ill, or only one. But I learned all soon enough. There had been a fever, and both were dead. I was an orphan, quite alone in the world.

For three years after this I remained with the Miss Sweetmans, during which time I had regained much of my old cheerfulness, and also some degree of my natural pride and impertinence. My father and mother had been to me a memory and a hope; now they were a memory only. After my first grief and sense of desolation had passed, I went on with the routine of my days much as before. I did not miss my father and mother every hour as though I had lived under their roof and been familiar with their faces and caresses. But the bright expectation of my youth was extinguished, and I suffered secretly a great yearning for the love which I had now no right to claim from any one. The time was fast approaching when I must take my school-books down from Miss Sweetmans' shelves, pack up my trunks, and go forth among strangers. I had some property, more than enough for my needs, and I was to dwell under the roof of my guardian, Mrs. Hollingford. In the mean time, I paid several visits to the home of a wealthy schoolfellow, who had entered upon fashionable life, and who was eager to give me a taste of its delights before I

yielded myself to the fate that was in store for me. I learned to dress with taste, to wear my hair in the newest style, and to waltz to perfection. But I could not go on paying visits for ever, and the time arrived when I found it necessary to turn my back on lively scenes and prepare for the obscurity of Hillsbro'. This was a remote place in the north country, from whence were dated all the letters addressed by Mrs. Hollingford to me since the time when she had become my guardian.

I did not go to Hillsbro' Farm in any unfair state of ignorance as to the present worldly position of its owners. Grace Tyrrell (my schoolfellow) was careful to let me know the depth of the degradation to which these friends of an old time had fallen from their once high estate: also to make me aware of the estimation in which they were held by the people of her world. The idea of my going to Hillsbro' was ridiculed till I got angry, but not ashamed.

"Those poor Hollingfords!" said one lady. "I am sure it is very kind of you, Miss Dacre, to pay them a visit; but *live* with them, my dear!—you could not think of identifying yourself with such people. Are you aware that the father ruined numbers of people, absconded with his pockets full of money, and never was heard of since?"

"Yes," said I; "but I have nothing to do with Mr. Hollingford. And I dare say if his wife had taken ill-gotten riches down to Hillsbro' with her, the police would have followed her before this; for she gives her address quite openly."

I afterwards heard this lady telling Grace that her friend was a very pert young woman. I did not mind, for, through fighting Mrs. Hollingford's battles, I had come to think that I loved her memory; and I tried to do so for my mother's sake.

"It is not at all necessary to live with a guardian," said Grace. "They say Mrs. Hollingford makes butter and sells it; and Frederick says the son is a mere ploughman. He is Mr. Hill's agent; Frederick met him by chance, quite lately, when he was shooting at Hillsbro'."

"Agent, is he?" said I, mischievously. "Then I should think he must at least know how to read and write. Come, that is not so bad!"

"You will get the worst of it, Grace," said Frederick Tyrrell, who was listening. "Lucky fellow, Hollingford, to have such a champion!"

So here I had better explain to you, my dears, that Captain Tyrrell was, even at this time, what old-fashioned people used to call a great *beau* of mine; that he was fond of dangling about my skirts and picking up my fan. Nothing more on this subject is necessary here. If you desire to know what he is like, I refer you to an old water-colour sketch of a weak-faced, washed-out looking young man, with handsome features, and a high-collared coat, which you will find in an old portfolio up-stairs, on the top shelf of the wardrobe, in the lumber-

room. It was done by Grace's own hand, a portrait of her brother, and presented to me in those days. It has lain in that portfolio ever since.

Though I fought for the Hollingfords, and would hear no word against them, I do confess that I suffered much fear as to how I should manage to accommodate myself to the life which I might find awaiting me at Hillsbro' Farm. That idea of the butter-making, for instance, suggested a new train of reflections. The image of Mrs. Hollingford began to divest itself gradually of the long velvet cloak and majestic mien which it had always worn in my mind, and I speculated as to whether I might not be expected to dine in a kitchen with the farm-servants, and to assist with the milking of the cows. But I contrived to keep my doubts to myself, and went on packing my trunks with a grudging conviction that at least I was doing my duty.

And it is here, just when my packing was half done, that the strange, beautiful face of Rachel Leonard rises up to take its place in my history. I was introduced to her by chance; I did not know her story, nor that she had a story, nor yet that she was connected with any people whose intimate acquaintance I was likely to make in the future.

We met at a small musical party, where we had opportunities for conversation. She wore a white Indian muslin, with a bunch of scarlet flowers in the bosom. We were sitting in a softly lighted corner, and her figure was in relief against a crimson curtain. Her face was oval and olive, with an exquisite mingling of warmth and purity, depth and delicacy, in its tone. Her dark hair was swept up to the top of her head in a crown of braids, as it was then worn. Her eyes were dark grey, and very sweet, with a mysterious shadow of sadness about them when her face was in repose; yet, when they smiled they shone more than any eyes I have ever seen.

"Miss Dacre and Miss Leonard, I must make you acquainted," said our hostess (the meddling lady whom I have already quoted on the subject of the Hollingford misdemeanours). "You intend passing the winter at Hillsbro', Miss Leonard?"

"Yes," replied Rachel; "I believe we shall be at the hall about Christmas."

"Ah! and you have never been there before? I can assure you it is the most dreary place; you will be glad of a young friend in the neighbourhood. Miss Dacre's whim is one of our amusements at present. She is going to Hillsbro' to stay with a lady who is the mother of Mr. Hill's agent."

"Mrs. Cowan?" said Miss Leonard, with a ladylike assumption of interest in the subject.

"Not at all, my dear; the Cowans were worthy people, but Mr. Hill has changed his agent. Have you not heard? No, of course. Hollingford is the name of these people. The father was a banker, the bank smashed, and he ran away with large sums of money."



I thought—nay, I was quite sure—that Miss Leonard started at the mention of the word Hollingford; and I also thought that she turned deathly pale; but she bent over her flowers at the moment, and the light was very subdued. No one else seemed to notice it, so it is just possible I may have been mistaken.

"Mr. Hill's new agent is, then, the son of Mr. Hollingford, the banker?" said Miss Leonard, after a pause. "I did not know that they belonged to that part of the country."

"Oh! I do not know about that; but the mother and son have taken a farm there lately, trying to make shift for themselves, poor things! They say young Hollingford has some Quixotic ideas about paying some of his father's liabilities; and if he has, I am sure it is very creditable to him. But I for one am inclined to doubt it. Bad conduct generally runs in families."

"Madam," said I, with my cheeks getting very hot, "Mrs. Hollingford was my mother's dear friend."

"Highly tighty, Miss Daere," said the lady, "we never know how our friends are going to turn out. I say nothing but what is true. And allow me to warn you, my dear, that if you will persist in identifying yourself with such people you must make up your mind to hear them spoken of as they deserve."

"Madam," said I again, flashes of lightning now dancing before my eyes, "I am very sorry I ever entered your house; and I will certainly never enter it again."

Not waiting for more I made her a curtsy, and walked out of the room. I found the dressing-room where I had left my cloak, fully determined to go home at once, if I could only get the carriage. I had to wait some time, however, and whilst I sat alone the door opened and Rachel Leonard came hurriedly up to my side.

"I could not go away without bidding you good-night," she said, holding both my hands in both of hers. "Perhaps we may meet again. God bless you!"

Her voice was unsteady, her face pale, her eyes wet. A lady came to the door and said, "Now, Rachel, we are waiting!" She dropped my hand and was gone.

"Who is she?" I asked of Grace, as soon as we were together. "What relation is she to the Hills?"

"None whatever," said Grace; "only an adopted daughter. There is some romantic story about her, I believe. She went to Mrs. Hill as a companion first. The Hills, who are the most eccentric old couple in the world, took a violent fancy to her, and adopted her for their own. I believe she is an orphan of a very good family. They keep up a wonderful fuss about her; and people say they have made her their heiress."

"I wonder why she looked so strangely at the mention of the Hollingfords," I said, musingly.

"My dear Margery," said Grace, shaking her

head, "I give you up. You are perfectly insane on the subject of the Hollingfords. What will you imagine next?"

"I do not think I imagined it," said I. "I am sure that she turned as white as your cloak."

"Well, well," said Grace, "there may be some deep mystery for all I know. Miss Leonard may, like yourself, have a taste for agriculture; or may have known young Mr. Hollingford before he turned ploughman. I advise you to think about it. You have materials for a pretty romance to take into exile with you."

And I did think about it long afterwards.

## CHAPTER II.

My children, you must remember that I am speaking of an old-fashioned time, and I travelled down to Hillsbro' by coach. The promenade of a fashionable watering-place had hitherto been my idea of the country. Imagine, then, how my hungry eyes devoured the new beauties presented to them. I had provided myself with a book, and I had hoped to fall asleep over it, yet here I was with my eyes riveted to a pane of glass, afraid to wink lest I should miss something. Grace's warning, "You will fret yourself to death, you will be back before a month," grew faint in my ears. When night shut out my new world and I fell asleep I dreamed of extraordinary phenomena; trees stalking about the plains, fairies leaping out of the foam of the rivers.

I opened my eyes to a rose-coloured dawn. We had stopped before a little village inn. A row of pigeons with burnished necks looked down on me from their perch on the signboard above the door; a half-dressed curly-headed child peeped out of a window from under the eaves, and clapped his hands at the steaming horses: and a young man walked out of the inn with a whip in his hand, and asked if there might be a lady inside the coach whose destination was Hillsbro' Farm.

I was soon seated by his side in a gig. By a few careful glances I had easily assured myself that there was nothing of the ploughman in the appearance of Mrs. Hollingford's son. You will want to know what I thought of him that morning, and I will tell you. He seemed to me the beau ideal of a country gentleman: nothing less than this, and something more. You have known him, my dears, stooped and white-haired, and have loved him in his age for the sake of the heart that never grew old. But on that brilliant autumn morning when he and I first sat side by side, the same loveable spirit was clothed with the strength and beauty of mortal youth.

The vivid life of the country was sweet to me that early morning. Carts of hay lumbered past us, almost crushing us into the hedges as they swept along heavily, leaving a trail of fragrance in the air. Red and brown leaves lay thick on the ground, making beautiful the un-

dulations of the roads. Mists of dew hung among the purple folds of the hills, and the sun dashed the woods and streams with kindling gold. By-and-by the whole country side was laughing in the full face of the day.

Hillsbro' Farmhouse was, and is, a low long dwelling built of dark bricks, and standing among orchards and meadows, green pasture lands and running streams. Its ivied chimneys had for background the sombre lines of a swelling moor, belted by a wood of pines which skirted the hollow wherein the earth nourished the fatness and sweetness of the thrifty farm acres. Along the edge of the moor the road ran that led to Hillsbro' Hall, and a short cut through the wood brought one down upon a back entrance to the squire's own grounds.

The dear old farm! Roses were blowing in that morning at the open sashes of the big, heavy, roughly hung windows. Two young girls, who were afterwards dear to me as fibres of my heart, lingered beside the open door; stately handsome Jane, with her solemn observant black eyes and trim dark dress, and frolicsome Mopsie with her laughing face, and her hat tied down, gipsy fashion, with a red ribbon. They lingered to see me, to take their share in giving me a welcome, and then set out on their long walk, discussing me by the way. They told me of it afterwards. Jane said I was only fit for a glass case, and Mopsie declared I alighted from the old gig as if I had a mind to dance. They were awed by the high red heels on my boots, the feather in my hat, and the quilted satin of my pelisse. They wondered I could deign to speak anything but French, and concluded I did so only out of compliment to their homeliness.

And I meanwhile, decked in all the fanciful elegancies of a London toilette, sat down to breakfast in the long parlour at Hillsbro' Farm, with something in my heart that would not let me eat though I was hungry, and something in my eyes that would not let me see very well though the sun came rich and yellow through each of the wide windows, forming one broad golden path down the middle of the room. I saw but dimly the dark brown walls and ceiling, the stiff-backed chairs with their red covers, the jar full of late roses that stood in either window, the heap of trailing ivy that overran the huge grate. It was Mrs. Hollingford's face that did it as she sat, kind, careful, hospitable, pressing on me sweet home-made cakes, fresh butter, fragrant tea, delicious cream, and delicate pink eggs. Ah me! it was her face that did it. There was my great lady, my beneficent friend, my valiant woman. Her eyes were a little sunken, the fire of their energy a little slackened, her brow a little seamed; the strain of fortitude had drawn a tight cord about her mouth. Whence, then, that new touching beauty that made one see the stamp of heaven's nobility shining on her face? Had I quite forgotten her, or was she indeed something new? It was as if grief had chiselled her features afresh out of the superfluous roundings of prosperity,

wasted them into perfect sweetness, hacked them into purer refinement. She wore a straight black gown of the coarsest material, only the fair folds of muslin about her throat giving daintiness to her attire. Her son breakfasted with us, and I fancied he often looked at me curiously as if to say, "What concern can she have with us? why did she come? how long will she remain? I had talked to him without embarrassment as we drove along, but now I could hardly speak. Never had I felt so shy in any company as I did now in the presence of my mother's friend.

After breakfast she led me to my room, bright and airy, but scantily furnished. It had a window looking out on an orchard threaded by long alleys, over which hung a glowing roof of fruit-laden branches. And here I unpacked my trunks and stowed away my elegant dresses in a huge painted wardrobe smelling of apples. I laid aside with a kind of shame all the little ornaments I was accustomed to wear, and dressed myself in the plainest gown I possessed. Descending the quaint old staircase again, I found Mrs. Hollingford walking up and down the hall waiting patiently for my appearance.

"What a great woman you have grown, my love!" she said, drawing my hand within her arm, and leading me through the open hall door. "But you have still your mother's fair hair and sunny eyes. Will you walk with me for an hour? I have much to say to you, and the sooner it is said the better."

Then she told me the story of her life, and misfortunes, sternly, sweetly, with strange humility and fortitude. I knew much of it before, but she would tell it all.

"And now, my love," she said, "you know us as we are. Your mother, when she made me your guardian, did not foresee the changes that were to take place. You have other friends who are willing to give you a home. You have come here of your own will. When you wish to leave us we will not wonder."

I threw my arms round her neck and told her I would not leave her. Never, since Miss Kitty Sweetman went to India, had my heart gone forth so completely to any one.

She bade me not be too hasty. "You will find our life so different from anything you have ever known," she said. "We all fear it for you. We are so busy here. We have always a purpose before our eyes to make us work."

"Then I will work too," I said. "I will not be the only drone in such a thrifty hive."

She smiled at this, and shook her head. But I immediately began to cast about for the means by which I might find it possible to keep my word.

#### CHAPTER III.

I soon learned to love the farm. I began to know the meaning of the word "home." The beauty and loveableness of some persons and places takes you by surprise; with others they steal upon you by degrees; but there was that about Hillsbro' Farm which I loved much at

once and more afterwards. Looking at it in the most common-place way, it had all the peace and plenty of an English farmhouse, while for eyes that sought more they would find enough that was picturesque in the orchard's ruddy thickets, where the sun struck fire on frosty mornings; in the wide pasture lands sloping to the sedgy river, where the cows cooled their feet on sultry evenings. You know as well as I the curious bowery garden beyond the lower window of the parlour, stocked with riches and sweets of all kinds, rows of beehives standing in the sun, roses and raspberries growing side by side. The breath of thyme and balm, lavender and myrtle, was always in that parlour. You know the sheepfold and the paddock, the old tree over the west gable where the owl made his nest—the owl that used to come and sit on our school-room window-sill and hoot at night. You know the sun-dial where the screaming peacock used to perch and spread his tail; the dove-cote, where the silver-necks and fan-tails used to coo and ruffle their feathers. You know too, all the quaint plannings and accidents of the old house; how the fiery creeper ran riot through the ivy on the dark walls, dangling its burning wreaths over the windows; how the hall door lay open all day with the dogs sleeping on the broad door-step. Also within that there were long dark passages, rooms with low ceilings; a step up here, and a step down there; fireplaces twisted into odd corners, narrow pointed windows, and wide latticed ones. You know all the household recesses, the dairies and pantries and store-rooms; but you cannot know how Mrs. Hollingford toiled amongst them, filling them with her industry one day that they might be emptied the next; hardening her delicate hands with labour to the end that justice might be done, that some who had lost might gain, that a portion of her husband's heavy debts might be paid, and a portion of the curse of the impoverished lifted from his guilty shoulders.

No luxury was ever permitted in that household. Old gowns were worn and mended till they could be worn and mended no longer. The girls were of an age to go abroad to school, but they must be contented with such education as they could pick up at home, so long as one poor creature suffered straits through their father's fault. The only indulgence allowed was almsgiving. Mopsie might divide her dinner with a hungry child, or Jane bestow her new petticoat on an aged woman; but they must, in consequence, deny themselves and suffer inconvenience till such time as it came to be again their turn to have their absolute wants relieved.

I did, indeed, feel like a drone in a hive when, on leaving my room in the mornings, I met Mrs. Hollingford coming from her work in the dairy, John Hollingford arriving from his early visit to a distant part of the farm, Jane from her sewing closet where she made and mended the linen of the household, and Mopsie from

the kitchen with a piled dish of breakfast-cakes, showing what her morning task had been. I could not eat for envy. Why could I not be of use to somebody? I gave Mopsie some gay ribbons, which were returned to me by her mother. Nothing might she wear but her plain black frock and white frill. I gave Jane a book of poems with woodcuts, and that was accepted with rapture. This encouraged me. I picked up two little children on the road, and to one I gave a bright silk girdle for a skipping-rope, and to the other a doll dressed from the materials of a fine gauze hat, which I picked to pieces for the purpose. I was not going to be a peony flaunting among thrifty modest vetches. At first I was sorry for the destruction of my pretty things, but soon I grew to admire the demureness of my grey gown and little black apron. I learned to make pies and cakes, to sweep a room and set it to rights, to wash and get up linen and laces, to churn, to make butter. But, as many hands were engaged in these matters, I was often thrown out of employment. I made music for my friends in the evenings, and, as they liked it, this was something; but it was not enough. A new spirit had entered into me. I felt my old self lost in the admiration which I had conceived for the new friends who had accepted me amongst them.

By-and-by I found out a little niche of usefulness for myself. Jane and Mopsie attended the village school. One day I went to the town to buy some trifle and call for the girls. It was past the hour for breaking up, and I found Mopsie romping with some rude-looking girls on the green, while Jane, detained for some fault, sat alone in the schoolroom, perched on a bench, her arms folded and her eyes gloomily fixed on the wall. When I entered she blushed crimson. She was a proud girl, and I knew she was hurt at my seeing her disgrace. I coaxed her to speak out her trouble.

"I could teach the whole school," she said, fiercely—"master, mistress, and all—and yet I am kept sitting over a, b, c, like a baby. I get so sick of it that sometimes I answer wrong by way of novelty. Then I have to hold out my hand for the rod. To-day I drew Portia and Shylock on my slate, and forgot to finish my sum; therefore I am disgraced!"

I seized the happy moment and offered myself to the girls as a governess. Mopsie stopped on the road and hugged me in delight. Jane squeezed my hand and was silent during the rest of the walk, except when she said,

"Mother will never consent. I am too proud, and she wants me to be humbled. She thinks it is good for me to go to the village school."

That night, however, I laid my plan before Mrs. Hollingford, and, after some trouble, I attained my point.

We chose for our schoolroom an unoccupied chamber at the end of a long passage up-stairs. It was furnished with a deal table and chairs,

and a small square of green carpet laid upon the sanded floor. It had three latticed windows looking westward, and one of those odd grates I have mentioned, large enough to cook a dinner. We kept it filled with logs, and in the evenings, after we had drawn the curtains in the parlour, set the tea-table, and made Mrs. Hollingford comfortable on the sofa for an hour's rest, we three retreated to our school-room for a chat in the firelight. Here John joined us when he happened to come home early, and many a happy hour we passed, four of us sitting round the blazing logs, talking and roasting apples. We told stories, tales of the outer world, and legends of the country around us. We described places and people we had seen, and our fancies about others we had not seen. John, who had travelled, was the most frequent speaker; and as I was a wonder of experience to his sisters, just so was he a wonder to me. We laughed, cried, or listened in breathless silence, all as he willed, while the purple and yellow lingered in the sky behind the lattice, and the moaning of the wind through the forlorn fields, the hissing of the roasting apples, and the crackling of the burning wood, kept up an accompaniment to his voice.

There were other evenings, too, when John was late, and Mopsie having grown tired of serious talk, tripped off to hear the lasses singing Bold Robin Hood in the kitchen. Then Jane used to open her heart to me, and talk about the troubles of the family. Her heart was stern and bitter against her father. Well had she said she was proud; well had her mother wished to humble her, if that could be done. She had, I believe, a great intellect, and she had much personal beauty of a grand character. I do not think she thought much about the latter, but she felt her mental powers. She knew she was fitted to move in a high sphere, and chafed against her fate; still more against the fate of her brother.

I think I see her, on her low seat before the fire, her hands clasping one knee, her dark head thrown back, and her eyes fixed on the dancing shadows above the chimney.

"To think of John settling down as a farmer!" she said; "John, who for cleverness might be prime minister. And there is no hope of his getting away from it; none whatever."

I could not but agree to this, though the thought occurred to me that the farm might not be so pleasant a home if John had to go away and be prime minister. All I could say I said to combat her rebellious despondency as to her own future.

"If you knew the emptiness and foolishness of the gay world," I said, in a sage manner, "you would be thankful for our quiet life at Hillsbro'."

"It is not the gay world I think of," she said. "It is the world of thought, of genius."

"Well, Jane," said I, cheerfully, "you may pierce your way to that yet."

"No!" she said. "If I had a clean name I would try to do it. As it is, I will not hold up my head only to be pointed at. But I will not spend my life at Hillsbro', moping. I will go away and work, teach, or write, if I can."

I saw her eyes beginning to flash, and I did not like these fierce moods for Jane. I was turning over a book at the time, and, to divert her attention, I read aloud the name written on the title-page.

"Mary Hollingford," I said. "Was not she your elder sister?"

Jane started. "Yes," she said. "Who mentioned her to you?"

"Your mother," I said, "used to tell me of her little Mary, who was at school in France. I cannot recollect who told me of her death. Do you remember her?"

"Oh yes," said Jane, "perfectly. We did not lose her till after—my father went away."

"I suppose she took the trouble to heart," I said, reflectively; and then was sorry I had said it. But Jane answered,

"Yes," readily; then dropped her face between her hands, and remained plunged in one of her motionless fits of abstraction for half an hour.

I never alluded to this subject again to Jane, but one evening, when Mopsie and I were alone together, the child spoke of it herself.

"Margery," she said, "you are holding me now just as sister Mary used to hold me with both her arms round my waist, when I was a tiny little thing, and she used to play with me in our nursery in London."

"You remember her, then?" I said.

"Yes," said Mopsie. "I remember her like a dream. She used to come home for the holidays, and a handsome French lady with her, who used to throw up her hands if we had not ribbons in our sleeves and smart rosettes on our shoes. I remember sister Mary in a pretty white frock trimmed with lace, and her hair curled down to her waist. I used to think her like one of the angels. But we never speak of her now, nor of papa, because it pains mother and John. I used to speak of her to Jane sometimes in the night, just to ask her did she think sister Mary was thinking of us in heaven; but Jane used to get into such dreadful fits of crying that I grew afraid. I wish some one would talk of her. I think it is cruel of us all to forget her because she is dead."

And tears stood in Mopsie's blue eyes. But the next half hour she was singing like a skylark over some household task.

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